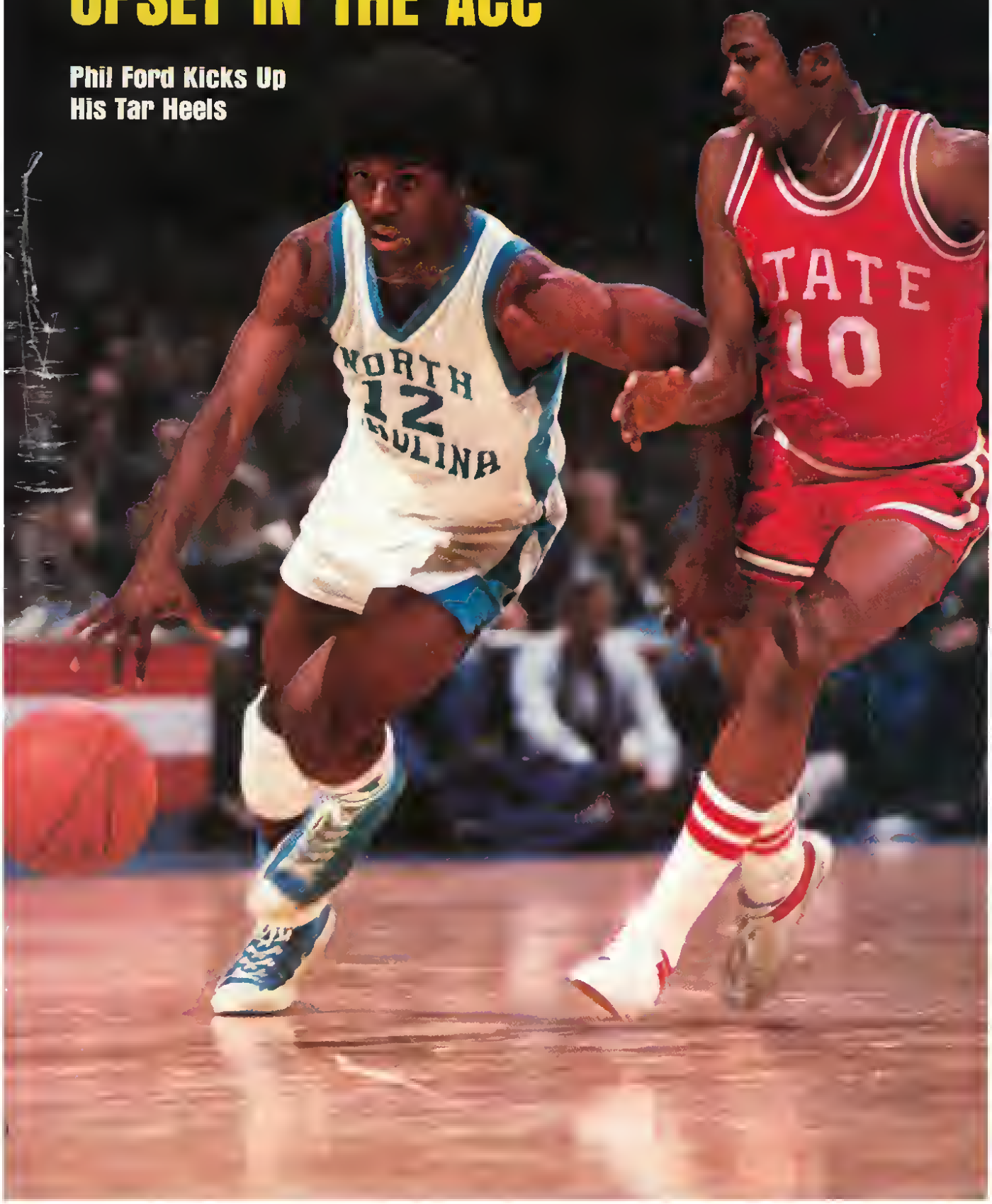
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UPSET IN THE ACC

Phil Ford Kicks Up His Tar Heels



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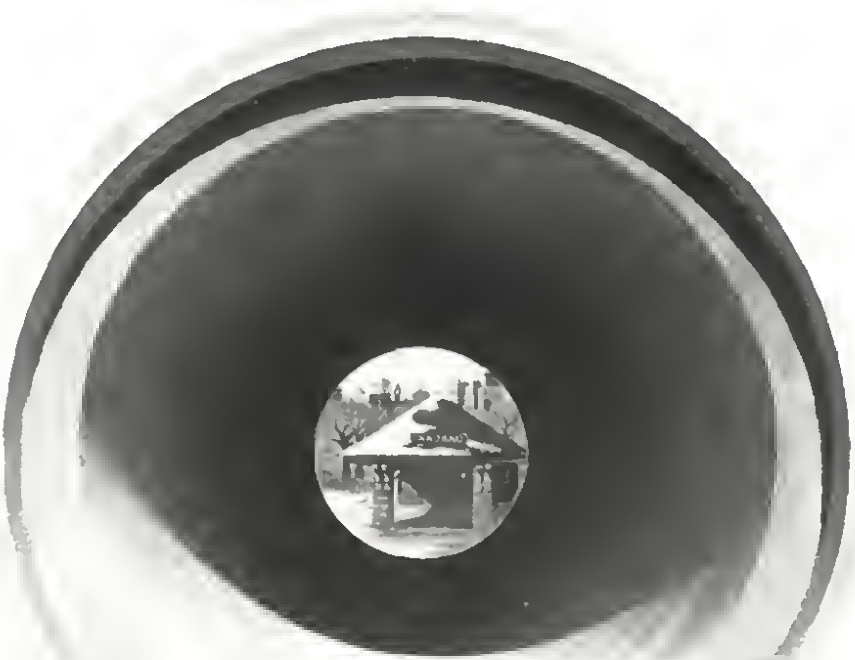
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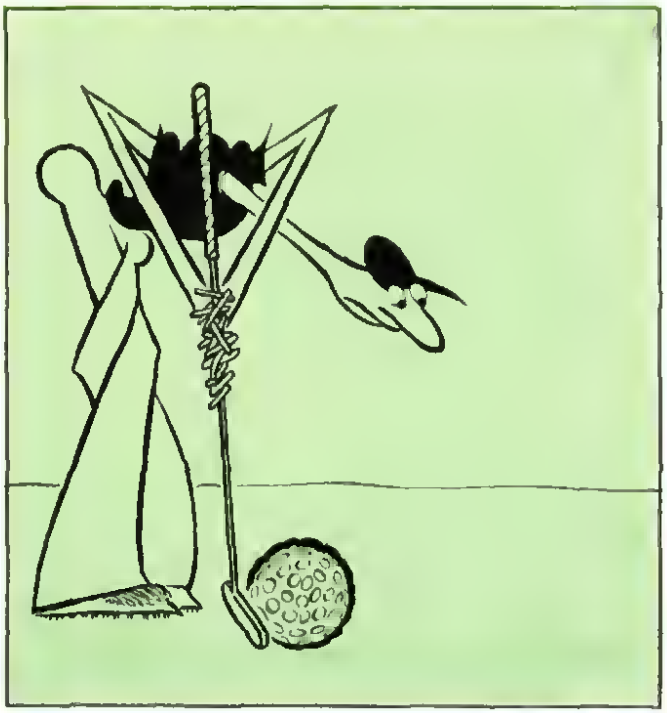
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Next Week

A MAN IN A GOLDFISH BOWL, Frank Robinson hands his first lineup to a major league umpire. Ron Fimrite reports the mood and moves of baseball's breakthrough black manager as he leads his Indians against the Giants.

IN THIS CORNER, ever confident, clear of brow and relaxed, we have Muhammed Ali. And in the other corner, ever dogged, rugged and battle-scarred, is challenger Chuck Wepner. Mark Kram analyzes the strange encounter.

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PHOTOGRAPHY

by MARK DONOVAN

TAKING STILLS OF SKIERS IN MOTION ISN'T AS DIFFICULT AS IT SOMETIMES APPEARS

All good ski trails, like Ruthie's Run at Aspen or Vail's intimidating Riva Ridge, deal in deceptions. A soothing little section suddenly falls away into a steep grade; the mountain seems to spill down in giant steps. The exhilaration comes from these whimsical changes of pace, and glancing back up a particularly hair-raising stretch, a smile creeps over the skier's face: "I really made it down *that*!"

The first time over those humps is a magnificent moment, and the natural reaction is to try to capture it all on film. And so, out with the camera. Three weeks later, in a dreary film shop on a rainy day a million miles from Aspen or Vail, the pictures are in your hand, but somehow, sadly, the magic is gone. "That can't be Ruthie's," you say. Or, "Riva looks positively *flat*."

Actually, skiing is not that difficult a sport to photograph, and the professional's equipment may be quite similar to your own. (A 50-mm. lens on a single-lens reflex should do the trick.) Carry the camera so both it and you are safe. Where you carry it depends on your skiing ability, but professional photographers recommend using a fanny pack, a pouch strapped around the waist. Reverse it and you have a belly pack. Even novices find it hard to fall on their stomachs.

On a bright day, try to shoot early in the morning or in the late afternoon, not in the harsh midday light. If you have a choice, wait until a sunny day. No point in having ski pictures look like the main street in *The Last Picture Show*. Don't take your exposure reading off the snow; use a face, a parka, a boot. A polarizing filter isn't necessary, but it will produce an effect similar to viewing the scene through your Foster Grants. Overexposure is the most common failing in ski photos.

Instead of standing at the bottom of a steep pitch, take a position halfway down, to the side of the slope. You sacrifice depth if you shoot straight uphill, and a precipitous drop becomes inexplicably tame. Shoot across the terrain; trees on the other side can serve as a point of reference for the true angle of the slope. If possible, avoid lift stanchions or halfway houses in the background. After all, it *is* the great outdoors, so it might as well look like it.

To photograph your son or daughter negotiating a mogul, pick a spot, have the skier come as close to you as your confidence allows, prefocus the camera instead of follow-focusing. Try for one good shot; reeling off a quick series will too often result in three mediocre shots instead of one superior one.

After your subject has skied past, go down 25 yards and try again. Don't be afraid to experiment with shutter speed or aperture and don't worry about wasting a picture. Don't limit yourself to just one or two rolls of film for an entire vacation—splurge. The freedom that a couple of extra rolls provides will enhance the results.

If you want to convey a sense of speed, ski next to your subject (on a run well within your abilities). No need to go very fast, or even as fast as your subject. Slow the shutter speed down to perhaps $^1/_{15}$ or $^1/_{30}$ of a second. The skier will be in focus, but the trees in the background will seem to rush past.

Extremely cold weather adds to your problems, causing brittle film, numb hands and a sweating lens as you move from the lodge to the slopes. You can have your camera winterized, a process that costs about $70, but my advice is to stay inside until it's warmer.

So back to Riva and Ruthie's, and even if you don't conquer the drop-offs, now you at least know how to make them look as tough as they really are. END

BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDLEY

UPDIKE FINDS NEW AND INGENIOUS USES FOR AN OLD METAPHOR: LIFE AS A GAME

Two passages from a new novel:

"I missed three consecutive putts of less than three feet, indicating either emergent astigmatism or a severe character defect. The sense of that ball, so anxiously tapped, sliding by on the high side and hanging there as obdurately as the fact of pain in the world: it pulls one's insides quite awry."

And:

". . . a golf swing reveals more of a man than decades of mutual conversation. . . . We men are spirits naked to one another, on the golf course we move through one another like fish a-swim in one another's veins."

The writer is not P. G. Wodehouse, who wrote frequently and amusingly about golf. It is John Updike, a certifiably "serious" and "important" novelist; the book is *A Month of Sundays* (Knopf, $6.95).

The novel is about a fortyish minister who, having disgraced himself by indulging in a variety of extramarital adventures, is sent off to a curious retreat to straighten himself out. There he is required to play games (chiefly golf) during the day and to write his confessions in the evenings, the novel is the text of those confessions.

A Month of Sundays, it must be reported with regret, is inferior Updike. The minister-confessor is a windy fellow, given to laborious theological speculations and precious witticisms; Updike's writing, which usually treads a thin line between elegance and archness, here falls on the wrong side.

Yet for all its faults, *A Month of Sundays* offers an opportunity to observe how, in the work of one writer of substantial accomplishments, sport can be employed often and usefully for metaphoric purposes.

Sport first emerged as an important theme in Updike's fiction in 1960, with the publication of *Rabbit, Run*. Still the most powerful book he has written, it is the story of Rabbit Angstrom, a Pennsylvania small-town high school basketball star whose life is an anticlimax once his playing career is over.

It is a persistent idea in Updike's fiction that sport is a metaphor for life. In *Couples*, which was published in 1968 and sold like tickets to *Deep Throat* because readers thought it was merely a novel about suburban sex, Updike stated the theme clearly: ". . . she was, emboldened by motherhood, playing the game that Tarbox had taught her, the game of tempting her fate." That, in one way or another, is the game that all Updike's characters play, Tom Marshfield in *A Month of Sundays* being merely the latest and one of the least successful.

It would be a disservice, even in the briefest discussion of sport in Updike's writing, to ignore a piece he wrote for *The New Yorker* in 1960. Entitled, in a semi-affectionate bow to the Boston press, "Hub Fans Bid Kid Adieu," it is an account of the last game Ted Williams played in the major leagues—a game he climaxed by hitting a home run in his last time at bat. One of the loveliest baseball pieces ever written—among other things, it calls Fenway "a lyric little bandbox of a ballpark"—it has been widely anthologized and is a must for anyone who cares about sports literature. Like the best of Updike's fiction, it is at the least a minor classic. END

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SCORECARD

Edited by SARAH PILEGGI

BETWEEN THE LINES

The Washington Redskins recently announced a rise in ticket prices of from 12.5% to 22%. The average seat in Robert F. Kennedy Stadium next year will cost $11.28, with a top price of $18, easily the highest in the league. In an explanatory letter to season-ticket holders, management pointed out that the fans must pay the price of continued success, that achieving four consecutive playoff appearances costs money. The letter also mentions last year's player strike, increased operating costs and inflation. "Unfortunately," it goes on, "with a fixed and inadequate stadium capacity, the only true source left to us is a ticket price increase."

At the bottom of Washington's financial woes are the carefree spending habits of Coach George Allen, which alarmed Redskin owners are beginning to restrain. But the single item on the Redskin balance sheet that most clearly made the difference between finishing the year in the red instead of the black had nothing to do with Allen. Washington fans deserve to know how that item relates to the increase in ticket prices.

Pro Football, Inc., the corporate name of the Redskins, was originally comprised of 1,000 shares. The shares held first by the late C. Leo DeOrsey, then by the late Vince Lombardi, were retired upon Lombardi's death. Last year an additional 430 shares, representing the estate of the late George Marshall, founder of the Redskins, were also retired. To pay off the beneficiaries of these blocks of shares, loans had to be taken out that are now estimated to cost the Redskins almost $1 million a year in interest. Remove that one item from the balance sheet and the Redskins made a profit in 1974.

Why retire the stock when the cost is so high? Well, here's a possible explanation. The 250 shares owned by Jack Kent Cooke, owner of the L.A. Lakers and Kings, which previously represented only 25% ownership of the Redskins, will now, with the DeOrsey-Lombardi-Marshall shares retired, represent 72% and controlling interest. The 10% owned by the other two shareholders, Edward Bennett Williams, president and chief administrative officer, and Milton W. King, an attorney who is vice-president and treasurer, will become 28%.

Although it was understandably omitted from the letter to ticket holders, the fact is that Cooke and Co. are, in effect, asking the fans to buy the team for them. Maybe Redskin fans won't care. But the warning of the marketplace is still *caveat emptor*, and it does seem that the *emptors* in this case ought to know what they're really buying.

ADVANCE MAN

Setting out to break down the barriers of indifference that stood between the Berkeley student body and his beloved team, University of California Baseball Coach Jackie Jensen donned a sandwich board one day last week and strolled through the campus talking to people. Coming and going his message was the same: BASEBALL GAME TODAY, 2:30, EVANS FIELD.

"It was embarrassing at first," says Jensen, star of Cal's 1949 Rose Bowl team and the American League's MVP in 1958, "but it was no worse than facing a major league fastball pitcher and there was no other way to get the message across. We have a *good* team."

Jensen's campaign was a smash. Bay Area pundits even likened him to one of San Francisco's long line of lovable eccentrics, a multimillionaire known as Foghorn Murphy, who in the 1920s used to ride a white horse up the middle of Market Street, bellowing, "Play ball, play ball."

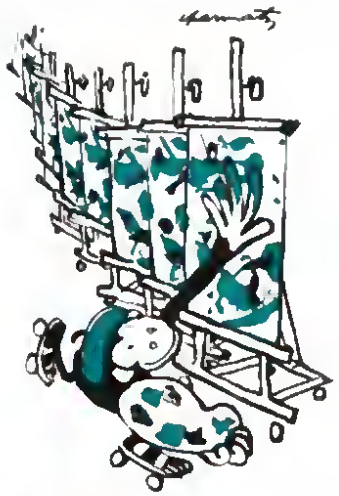
ODDS AGAINST

If you have any nagging doubts about owning a thoroughbred racehorse, these sobering figures compiled by the *Daily Racing Form* may help: 56,520 horses raced last year for total purse money of $263,950,955, or $4,670 a horse. Depending on where it is stabled, the cost of keeping a thoroughbred in training for a year ranges from $7,000 to $14,000. That works out to an average loss per horse of $2,330 to $9,330.

MONKEYSHINES

Hardly had the chimpanzees in the Portland, Ore. zoo been introduced to poster paints than the talented little critters turned art into a cottage industry, and the zoo, which began selling their paintings last fall, is making a killing. The chimps' work has been so well received that the zoo has a backlog of 200 orders.

Now a Seattle organization, the Foundation for the Advancement of Human Awareness, has presented the chimps an



award "for advancing a better understanding of animals among the human population. . . ."

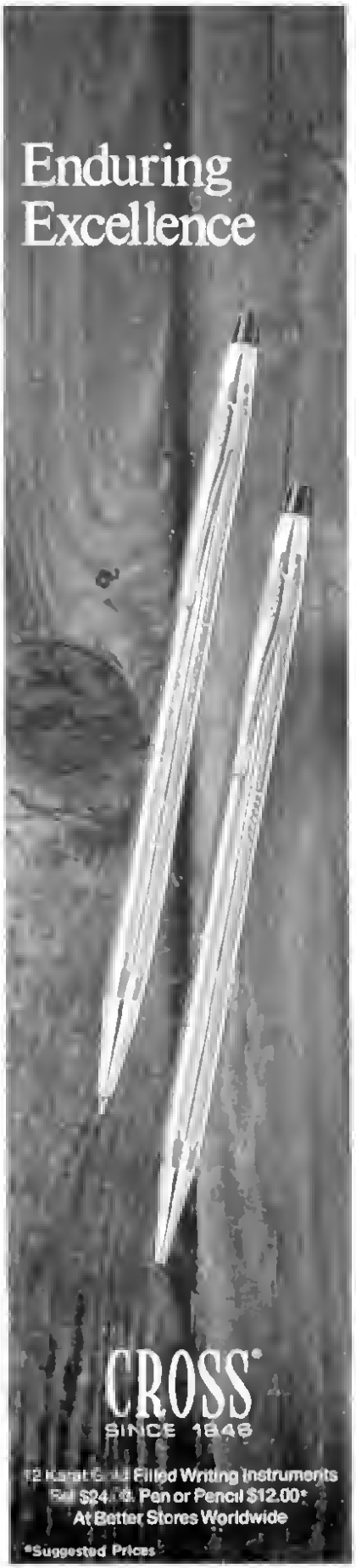
The last recipient of an award from the foundation was Henry Kissinger.

PRE-SHRUHK

Julie Anthony is a 27-year-old clinical psychologist who is earning her doctorate while playing professional tennis. She has just finished a paper, written at the behest of the promoters of next month's $100,000 L'eggs World Series of Women's Tennis, on the emotional makeup and differing approaches to the game of the four players who will participate—Chris Evert, Olga Morozova, Evonne Goolagong and Billie Jean King.

Anthony's thoughts carry the special weight of firsthand experience. For instance: "Chris makes one feel as though she is enacting a role from a very familiar script in which she is always victo-

continued



rious in the final act." And Goolagong "She can be a deceptive adversary because she perversely seems to come into her own when the odds of her winning seem the slimmest."

Morozova, Anthony says, will suffer from inexperience. "I think there is a tendency when one feels outclassed (realistically or not) to hurry the point . . . which often results in committing errors.

. Olga can fall into a pattern of being impatient and trying to end the point too soon."

Finally King: "Moody, volatile, her game can rise to inspired heights or sink to abysmal depths. The energy and intensity she uses to argue for hours about hypocrisy in amateur sports comes from the same vast reservoir as the energy she uses to explode into a backhand volley."

Anthony's prognosis. King, if she's fit. Evert if she's not.

GULL OF MY DREAMS

For Roger Tory Peterson, who left his Connecticut home at 3:45 a.m. to get there, it was the 668th entry on his North American life list. To a lesser birder, one of more than 50 assembled on Salisbury Beach in Massachusetts one morning last week, it was "the birding event of the century."

The happy occurrence was the sighting for the first time in continental North America of Ross' gull, a delicate gray-winged Arctic sea gull with rosy chest, wedge-shaped tail, red feet and, in summer, a black collar. Ross' gull breeds in northeastern Siberia and migrates north toward the pole. It is seen regularly only at Point Barrow in northern Alaska during its fall migration, when it is flying east into the polar basin.

There had been reports as early as Jan. 12 that the bird had been seen near Newburyport, but no positive identification until three Massachusetts birders, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Gruson of Concord and Paul Miliotis of Dunstable, all members of the Audubon Club and the Nuttall Ornithological Club of Cambridge, spotted it last week. They picked the bird out from among a flock of Bonaparte's gulls by his smaller size, the wedge-shaped tail, the pink blush of his chest, and because he cooperated by flying within 30 feet of where they stood.

Peterson, 66, author of the classic *Field Guides to the Birds* and the authority who confirmed the opinion of the Grusons and Miliotis, was as excited as anyone else. "It's just unbelievable," he warbled. "The old adrenaline's still working."

COLD COMFORT

Thief River Falls (pop. 8,618) in extreme northwestern Minnesota was always known, if it can be said to have been known at all, for its production of snowmobiles and high school hockey players. Lately, though, Thief River Falls has turned into a basketball town.

The reason is Northland Community College's all-black seven-man squad and the 23-1 record it has run up while averaging more than 100 points a game to the opposition's 66. All seven players are from out of state, but Coach Chet Engleman says he didn't resort to high-pressure recruiting to get them. David Dickey, the 6'11" center, and Guard Bernie Stephens played on an Air Force team while stationed at Grand Forks, N.D., only a few miles from Thief River Falls, and thus were logical prospects. Dickey's cousin Preston Curtis came next, and the rest was word of mouth, with a little help from some of Engleman's coaching acquaintances.

Originally there were six other players, five of them white, but two withdrew and four were declared academically ineligible. Engleman, a cool man in a crisis, chose to stick with his seven ironmen, and his faith has been rewarded with the best record in Minnesota collegiate basketball.

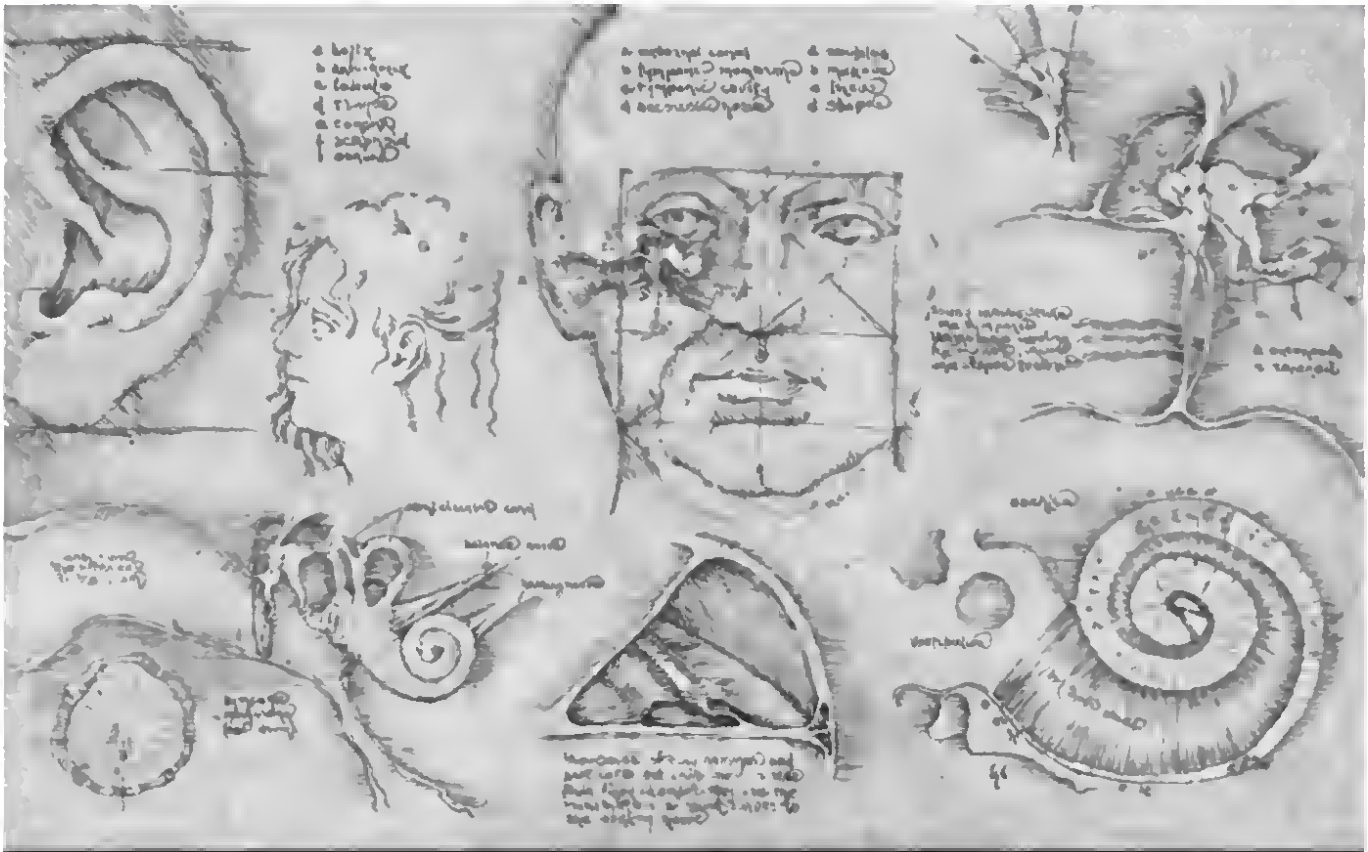
Evidence that the town has fallen for the team is the tenfold increase in ticket sales at Northland's 575-seat gym. Proof that the team is happy is that nobody complains about the climate.

MAKING TRACKS

It has been suggested that because the squad the Russians sent to the fourth U.S.-U.S.S.R. indoor track meet in Richmond, Va. last week was not the varsity, the lopsided American victory (171–106) was a hollow one. But the records tell the real story. Despite the lack of competition, Francie Larrieu ran a 4:28.5 mile, a world record; Joni Huntley improved her U.S. indoor record with a high jump of 6 feet 2½ inches; and Americans set meet records in 11 events.

Best of all, there were promising youth all over the place. Ten of the 21 U.S. first-place finishes went to athletes age 24 or younger, and the women's medley relay team—Angel Doyle, 16, Robin Campbell, 16, Rosalyn Bry-

continued



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ant, 19, and Kathy Weston, 16—epitomized the trend. The tykes ran a 3:25.3 to set one of those meet records.

MORE BREAD AND CIRCUSES

Seventy-year-old Henri LaMothe (SI, March 3), who dives from a 40-foot tower into one foot of water, has been signed to perform his wonders on an all-daredevil bill that so far includes Evel Knievel, a fire walker, two people who are blown up with dynamite, a blindfolded cyclist, and Evel's son Robbie.

The show is scheduled for London's Wembley Stadium May 26 with an 11-city English tour after that. It is another Bob Arum-Top Rank-Hemdale Leisure promotion, the same combination that gave the world Zaire not so long ago.

The promoters have not yet released Knievel's plans for Wembley but we suppose, lacking a canyon, he could go back to jumping Mack lorries.

TOTAL RECALL

A manufacturer in Whitefish, Mont. has come up with something he calls Campfire Memories, "tiny logs" that when burned smell of fir, balsam and cedar and "bring back memories of vacationing time, hunting trips . . . etc."

It is an evocative promotion, but one that could boomerang should those campfire memories get out of hand. What if all the smell of burning balsam brings back is the whine of a mosquito circling one's ear, or the fiery itch of a hundred chiggers under one's belt, or the feeling of futility that goes with watching on a cold morning as a full pot of hot coffee tips over, emptying itself inexorably into the ashes of what moments earlier had been a crackling campfire?

THEY SAID IT

- Bill Veeck: "Baseball is the only game left for people. To play basketball now, you have to be 7-foot-6. To play football you have to be the same width."
- Rene Muth, of the Immaculata College women's basketball team, on changes in uniform styles: "The year we won our first national championship [1972] our uniforms were tunics with a blouse and a belt, and bloomers underneath a skirt. It looked like a maternity outfit. Some of the teams in the league offered to steal them so we wouldn't have to wear them."
- Johnny Miller, golfer: "Serenity is knowing that your worst shot is still going to be pretty good." **END**

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Sports Illustrated
MARCH 17, 1975

RUN DOWN BY A FORD

North Carolina was overlooked before the ACC tournament began, but won when its foes ran afoul of a frosh named Phil

by BARRY McDERMOTT

The Atlantic Coast Conference tournament last week was a three-day thriller with enough suspense to fill a shelf of Agatha Christies. There was a scoreboard that played defense, a comeback that turned into a miracle and another that ended in disaster. Finally, there was a new address for last year's heroes. North Carolina State doesn't live here anymore.

North Carolina evicted David Thompson and the Wolfpack in a ferocious final game that ended the best tournament in memory. All the games at Greensboro Coliseum were good to the last drop and added fresh perk to the ACC's claims as the country's best and best-balanced conference.

The winning Tar Heels needed two overtimes and a cramp in Thompson's style, not to mention a lot of good ideas from Ford, to win the tournament. North Carolina firmly believes that if Jerry can run Uncle Sam's business, then Phil can direct the four-corner offense, the semi-stall the Tar Heels like so much they em-



Painful leg cramps knocked David Thompson down in one game and the Wolfpack out in another.





ploy it even in nonstalling situations.

Freshman Guard Phil Ford was the tournament's MVP, and his leadership was the clincher in North Carolina's first two tournament victories, overtime affairs against Wake Forest and Clemson. Then, in the 70–66 defeat of the defending NCAA champion Wolfpack, he controlled the action with style and verve.

The championship game resulted in a woeful ending to Thompson's spectacular college career. He had exhausted himself in North Carolina State's dramatic win over Maryland in the semifinals the night before, when he had to be helped from the floor with painful leg cramps. Against North Carolina he played mostly on hope. "It's an empty feeling to go out a loser," he said.

As Thompson exited, a new crop of stars entered. Freshmen played a major role each night. State's Kenny Carr and Clemson's Skip Wise won games in the final seconds, but neither was as important nor as impressive as Ford. He was the Tar Heels' catalytic-converter, wheeling in the middle of the four corners and making the free throws when the exasperated opposition fouled him. He made 26 of 30 foul shots, usually with the icy fingers of pressure on the back of his neck, and averaged 26 points a game.

North Carolina's victory was also a personal triumph for its innovative coach, Dean Smith. His young team looked moribund when it finished last in the Big Four tournament two months ago. And it seemed to be in the same condition in the opener of last week's action, before coming back from eight points behind with 50 seconds left against Wake Forest, getting a little help from a long Deacon pass that nicked the scoreboard suspended over the floor.

The Tar Heels won that game 101–100 and, along with State's 91–85 defeat of Virginia and Clemson's 78–76 win over Duke in the other opening-night games

continued

State's best big men beset by fouls, UNC's 6' 9" Mitch Kupchak was free to work inside

set the tone for the tournament. The widest margin of victory in any game was six points, and the average margin was three.

Going into the tourney four ACC teams were ranked among the top 15 in the polls, and the other three were capable of beating the leaders, as Wake Forest and Duke had shown earlier. So it was no surprise that tournament tickets were such status symbols they might have been turned out by Gucci. Each school told tales of being offered large sums for seats, usually under the guise of gifts to the athletic department.

On Thursday ticketless fans were patrolling the streets of Greensboro at dawn, holding up their fingers in a V signal that meant "I need two." The more inspired among them carried signs, including one fellow who resorted to rhyme. "I'm not a picket, I need a ticket," went the first verse. Another fan played on sympathy, raising an arm wrapped in a sling. But ACC tickets apparently are a better cure than plaster. When he showed up for the games, the man had no sling and was clapping with two hands.

Tiger Wise was one of many poised frosh.



The Greensboro motels were so fully packed that they were out of everything from hot water to grits. Each school's cheering section staked out a lodge, decorating the lobby with team colors, emblems, flags and everything but David Thompson pictures that glowed in the dark. Even the maids' cleaning carts had bumper stickers on them.

North Carolina rated only a mention in the pretournament figuring. Maryland (22-3) was the regular-season conference champion, N.C. State (20-5) the defending national champion, and Clemson had been playing better than anyone. The only edge UNC had was history. North Carolina and N.C. State have won seven of the eight most recent tournaments.

But the Tar Heels threw the predictions and their season's record aside once the Wake Forest game began. They forced three quick turnovers, including the scoreboard's interception, and profited from a pair of Deacon misses on the front end of one-and-one free throws to catch up in regulation time of the opener. Guard Brad Hoffman, the only senior in the starting lineup, made the shot that tied it with three seconds left. Then Ford and substitute John Kuester buried free throws and the Deacons in the last seconds of the overtime. "What a way to start the tournament," said Smith.

The same night North Carolina State also got off to a nervous start. The Wolfpack, which had played some desultory games during the regular season, appeared to have recaptured the spark that produced 57 victories in 58 games the previous two years. State opened up a 22-point lead against Virginia, then left fingernail scratches on the floor as it held on for a 91–85 win.

One of the Wolfpack's problems was that its center was playing for Hawaii. State Coach Norm Sloan thought he had 7-foot Tommy Barker signed, sealed and ready for delivery when the junior college transfer opted for palms instead of pines and headed for Waikiki. That forced Sloan to switch Forward Phil Spence into the middle, and the move muddled Spence's game. "It's a new season now," Spence said before the tournament started. "I'm trying to be the player I was when the season began. I was relaxed then."

Relaxation was not on Clemson's schedule. The Tigers had not won an ACC tournament game since 1964, and Coach Tates Locke was about as cheerful about that as a rock singer is about going bald. Stories that his team may be penalized by the NCAA for rules infractions also did nothing to sweeten Locke's disposition. He retaliated by barring reporters from the locker room. "It's Tates, as in hates," said one writer.

The Tigers had won 10 of their last 12 games, including a 22-point victory over N.C. State. Freshman Wise was a big reason for those successes, and it was Wise who iced the opening victory against Duke. He sank two free throws with three seconds left. Locke said, "We could have had God out there with us tonight and we would have been scared. We're used to getting up on Friday of the tournament and leaving Greensboro for home."

Maryland, which lost in overtime to North Carolina State in last year's finals, earned a first-round bye this year as reward for winning the regular-season title. The Terps also were encouraged by the knowledge that next season the tournament will be played at Capital Centre in Maryland, a result of the supplications of Lefty Driesell, who believes that holding it in tobacco country is injurious to his team's health.

Maryland's rematch with N.C. State figured to be the highlight of this year's tournament. The Terps virtually were assured an NCAA bid, but State would have to win the tourney to have a chance to defend its national title. State Guards Monte Towe and Mo Rivers knew that was no easy assignment.

"You beat up on a guy so much and he's going to get revenge," said Rivers. "Teams have been so fired up for us that it's ridiculous."

"Whatever happens against Maryland, you're going to see us play very tense and with a lot of emotion, the way we did last year," said Towe. "We'll do the extra things to win."

Near the end of the season rumors popped up that Wolfpack players were at each other's throats. "That's not right," protested Towe. "If anything, we're closer than ever because of having

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRAKE AND MANNY MILLAN

gone through tough times." State indeed was inspired and cohesive against Maryland. Thompson scored 30 points in 27 minutes, and Towe directed the offense and played his usual sniping defense as the Pack edged ahead. Then, with about 10 minutes left in the game, Thompson fell to the floor, his legs knotted with severe cramps. Despite his absence, State built a 15-point lead with less than four minutes left.

Suddenly Maryland woke up. The Terps went into a pressing defense, picked up turnovers as if they were jelly beans spilling from a sack with a hole in it and also got the ball when State squandered four straight bonus free-throw opportunities. With nine seconds to play, Maryland's Mo Howard put in two free throws and Maryland had an 85–84 lead.

When State came down for its final shot, Rivers went up for a hurried jumper, spotted Carr underneath and fed him a pass. Carr put in the layup, was fouled and made the free throw for an 87–85 victory that sent Maryland home to think about next year's tournament.

During the Tar Heels' 76–71 victory in the other semifinal game, Ford tapdanced his way through the Clemson defense and dropped in 15 of 18 free throws. Last year he scored 48 points in one half of a high school game, but friends say that last summer, seeking perfection, he practiced 12 to 15 hours a day at his home in Rocky Mount, N.C.

The son of schoolteachers, Ford is a good student. "You can tell him something once and he picks it right up," says the coach. It also helps that Ford often goes over to the Carolina gymnasium late in the evenings to practice some more by himself.

Even individuals as good as Ford tend to get submerged in Smith's system. Billy Cunningham, Charlie Scott, Bob McAdoo and Bobby Jones all blossomed after they reached the pros. Smith substitutes freely, running in a complete new team at times, and spreads the scoring around. "The pressure's not on me at all because we have other guys who can score," says Forward Walter Davis, the team's best shooter.

Davis is a sophomore, another member of Smith's Kiddy Korps, and when he enrolled at North Carolina some people predicted he would be another David Thompson. Smith astutely responded by putting Davis on the junior varsity during preseason drills his freshman year.



Maryland had trouble stopping State's young Carr, especially on the game-winning basket

Last week he was on Thompson, and State's ailing star made only seven of 21 shots and had just five rebounds. "He was off," said Davis in sympathy. "If he hadn't been hurting, those shots would have gone in, and then everybody would have said I played bad defense."

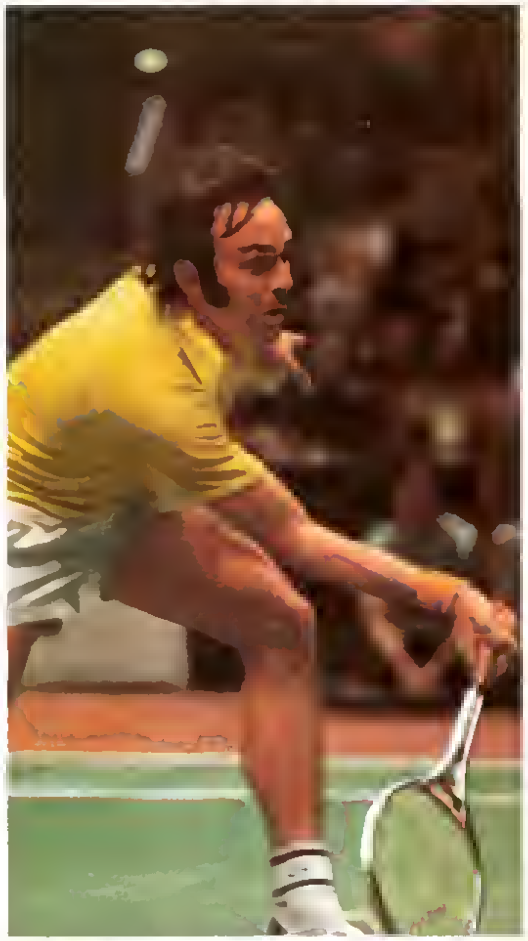
State's rebounding also was diminished when Spence picked up his third foul early in the first half. The Wolfpack was left with only young Carr to go against North Carolina's big three of 6′9″ Mitch Kupchak, 6′10″ Tom Lagarde and 6′10″ Ed Stahl. By halftime the Tar Heels had made 15 of 24 field-goal attempts and led 41–35.

North Carolina held the lead for most of the second half before Spence bulled his way for a pair of quick baskets to put the Wolfpack within two points with less than four minutes to play. At that point, State seemed ready to knock the poise right out of UNC's youngsters, but the Pack had not bargained on Ford. Working out of the four corners, he backed and whirled his way down the free-throw lane, finally getting open for a layup right over State's big men, who were expecting a pass.

Davis says that Ford is the quickest player over 20 yards he has ever seen. After his layup the freshman demonstrated his speed. Breaking ahead of the defense, he drove toward the basket and flicked a quick bounce pass to Kupchak for the basket that gave North Carolina a six-point lead and ended State's reign as NCAA champion.

The Wolfpack went out without its composure, being called for three technical fouls and spending much of the night bickering with the officials. In the last few minutes State was confused by UNC's zone defense, first frittering away time and then rushing shots. "We just never got our tempo," said Towe.

Smith said the victory gave him as much satisfaction as any during his tenure. "People were writing us off early and calling us the fading Tar Heels," he said. "But we were down and out against Clemson and Wake and came back. It's the destiny of this team to win." It's destiny and a brand-new Ford. **END**



Newcombe worked up a thirst winning twice.

ANOTHER AUSSIE BLOWOUT

The beer flowed again last week; this time it was poured from the World Cup in Hartford **by JOE JARES**

The scene is becoming depressingly familiar. It is the end of an international tennis event—the U.S. vs. Australia or the U.S. vs. Mexico or the U.S. vs. Fredonia—and Captain Dennis Ralston, his lips set in a thin line to hide his bitter disappointment, is congratulating the victorious opponents. Perhaps it would not be so frustrating and recurring if Ralston could ever field *all* the best American players.

Last Sunday in Hartford's new Civic Center Coliseum the scene was played out again for the umpteenth time and once again America's best player, Jimmy Connors, was the big man who wasn't there. It was the last day of the Aetna World Cup, an annual battle between the U.S. and Australia, and Rod Laver had just defeated Arthur Ashe 6–2, 7–6 for his third victory of the week. The Australian team thus clinched the cup for the fifth time in its six-year history and the players split up $35,000 in prize money. The final score was Australia four matches, USA three.

Only weeks before, Connors had beaten Laver in a lucrative televised challenge match in Las Vegas on the same day that the U.S. was losing a Davis Cup match to underdog Mexico. If Connors had forgotten his dislike of Ralston and played for the World Cup, would he have made a difference?

"I think they would have had a better chance, yes," said Laver, "but it's a team effort and Jimmy's not a team man."

Although Connors stayed away and Sunday's nationally televised last act was less than thrilling, the people of Hartford flocked to the Center and saw three excellent sessions of tennis—and, not incidentally, the sudden emergence of a sporting event from a sideshow tent into the center ring.

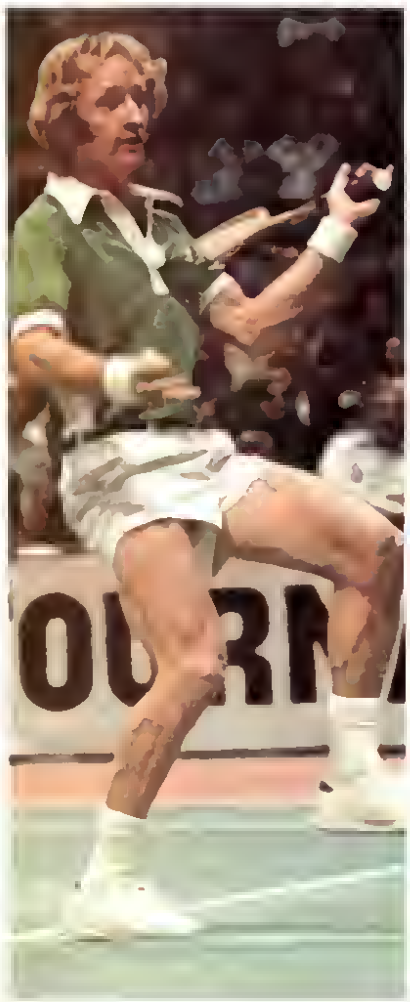
Hartford is a medium-sized (population: 158,017) conservative New England city that heretofore has been major league in double-indemnity clauses (at least six big insurance companies call it home) but something less in restaurants, theater and sports. For years the local sports fans were limited pretty much to hearing Celtics and Red Sox broadcasts from Boston or trembling with excitement over a Trinity College-Amherst cross-country meet. Oh, there was the Sammy Davis Jr. Greater Hartford Open, and a team in the Southern New England Hockey League. But the National Football League's Hartford Blues departed in 1926 after one season, and there has not been a major league baseball franchise in town for close to 100 years.

This year the sporting atmosphere has changed and the reason is the Civic Center. The white-shirted legions from the state capital, The Travelers, Connecticut Mutual, The Hartford, etc., who used to hurry home along Asylum Avenue to comfortable homes in West Hartford, are now coming back downtown after dinner. The city is in such a euphoric state over the arena that the place probably would be filled on a blizzardy night for a lecture on how to have a meaningful relationship with your azaleas.

The Celtics have come in a few times to play basketball before large and appreciative crowds, but the main beneficiaries—a popular word in Hartford—of the enthusiasm have been the New England Whalers of the World Hockey Association and Aetna Life & Casualty, which owns a chunk of the Whalers, a chunk of the adjacent Sheraton-Hartford Hotel and a chunk of the Civic Center complex. And if those chunks were not enough for the company to savor, the tennis tournament was Aetna's project, too, moving into the 11,000-seat Center after three cramped years in Trinity's 2,200-seat Ferris Athletic Center. More than 40,000 tickets were sold before the first can of balls was opened, a good part of the proceeds going to the Cystic Fibrosis Foundation.

Unfortunately for drama's sake, the best match of the tournament came in the opener on Thursday night, the one

Rocket Rod Laver jetted by Ashe in two sets



session that was not sold out. Ralston picked Dick Stockton, just turned 24, to play No. 1 singles, mainly because Ashe, the leading money-winner on the WCT tour this year, had just arrived from Europe and needed jet-lag recovery time. Stockton had won the WCT tourney in San Antonio the previous week on the very same Supreme Court carpet Hartford was using.

Before the match the Aussie locker room was cacophonous, except for little Ken Rosewall sitting quietly in one corner in his neat brown suit. Comedian Bill Cosby, who had just played in the celebrity doubles, was telling jokes. Roy Emerson was drinking beer, leading mock cheers and screaming at Australia's No. 1 man, Laver, "Don't overrun the bloody ball!"

On the U.S. side the scene was calmer, more intense. Because of the U.S. Davis Cup team upset by Mexico, there seemed a good chance that Ralston, respected by almost all of America's top players except Connors, would lose his job as Davis Cup captain.

"For us, *this* is the Davis Cup," said Stockton.

Stockton played a gutty first set, breaking Laver when he had to and tying the score 5–5, then breaking a second straight time to win. He fell behind again in the second set and could not fight back. Laver was smashing his usual screamers down the line and cross-court, and serving well when he needed to. The whole opening match thus went down to a third-set 13-point tie breaker—first man to get seven points wins.

Stockton seemed to have it in the bag when he fought to a 6–5 lead and had two serves coming. Win either one of them and the U.S. would be off to a fine start and he would have his first win ever over the fabled Rocket.

A Laver ground stroke, blazing as usual, forced Stockton to volley into the net. It was 6–6 and people in the crowd with sweaty palms were wondering how the players could hold on to their rackets. On the next point Laver hit a lob deep to Stockton's backhand corner and Stockton raced back to return it nicely, but he was hopelessly out of position. Laver had five acres of open court and chose to nudge the ball back over the net. Stockton left the court in tears.

In Friday night's first singles, America once again started well by taking the first set and once again faltered, John Newcombe beating Ashe 6–7, 6–4, 6–2 and keeping the Aussies in a lighthearted mood. Captain Fred Stolle was not exempted from the needling, even though he had the key to the beer locker.

"When Arthur was ahead 4–3 in the second set," said Newcombe, "Fred said, 'You better break him.' I said, 'You're right, Fred. I am running out of time, aren't I?' Fred says important things like that."

If Rosewall had won Friday's second singles, the U.S. would have been behind 3-0 and in the near-hopeless position of having to win four straight matches to regain the cup, "a long road back," as Ralston said. But Stan Smith, in the unaccustomed role of playing third singles for his country, got off to a fast start, held on and beat Rosewall 6–2, 7–6. Up to then, Smith, many times a Davis Cup hero, had a 1-8 record in World Cup.

On Saturday afternoon Stockton had another difficult task: playing Newcombe, the man with the best forehand in tennis and perhaps the best all-round game. "Dickie," as the oldtimers in tennis call Stockton, had not slept well since his loss to Laver. He started in the sport so young that he is the only player in history to suffer from tennis elbow and diaper rash at the same time. He won 20 national junior titles, reached the semis at Wimbledon last year and was a teammate of Newcombe's in team tennis, so it was unlikely that he would be in awe of his opponent. Yet during the first set he couldn't get his first serve in and lost 6–4.

In the second set he came to life. Ralston told him to quit sagging visibly after missing a shot because Newcombe was getting a mental lift from it. Stockton kept the ball to Newk's backhand on the big points, got his serve under control and beat his elder for the first time ever, 4–6, 6–4, 6–2.

"I'd have to say it's the biggest win I've ever had," said Stockton. "Playing for your country and against a player like John Newcombe, it's just the greatest thrill I've ever had."

He could not say enough nice things about everybody and everything.

On the World Cup: "I think it's the best tennis event I've ever seen."

On Captain Ralston: "He does more for my game than anybody ever has."

Newcombe got a shower, a rubdown and a fresh set of clothes and returned to help Laver put Australia into the lead again, beating Smith and Bob Lutz 6–3, 2–6, 6–3. America went into the final two matches Sunday having to win both.



Dick Stockton lost to Laver, beat Newcombe

The burden was almost entirely on Ashe, who had to play singles against Laver and then go back out with Stockton to play Rosewall and John Alexander. Ashe was at least outwardly confident.

"We're going to win tomorrow, I guarantee it," said Ashe.

Ashe is a man of his word but a lousy forecaster. He made more than his usual complement of unforced volley errors and didn't give Laver much of a battle. If Stockton had been able to get just one more point in his first-night tie breaker, the final doubles match would have been an exciting decider. But he hadn't, and the doubles was just an exhibition, Ashe and Stockton beating Rosewall and John Alexander 3–6, 6–3, 7–6.

In the press-interview room, Captain Stolle was offered a bottle of champagne.

"No, thanks," he said with a smile as he held up his can of beer. "This is our champagne." And tennis is still their game. **END**

LIFTING OFF TO THE PLAYOFFS

Odd heroes abound on the Houston Rockets—would you believe an NBA starter looked down on by his sister?—but having learned the virtues of rugged dependence, they are blasting to new heights

by PAT PUTNAM

One starting guard is an inch shorter than his sister, and she's two inches shorter than their mother. His first sport was baton twirling. The other guard wanted to be a brain surgeon, except he couldn't stand to be around sick people. Last year, in his rookie season, the center was traded twice. He might still be on the bench if the then regular center hadn't decided that basketball interfered with his religion and retired briefly in midseason.

One forward was drafted out of high school. By the Pittsburgh Pirates. He's so superstitious he'd drive a witch doctor into walking under ladders. The other forward, an All-Star for the last two years, has a recognition factor about as high as that of the ball boys. He could clean up on *I've Got A Secret*. On successive nights. Recently a hometown fan, an elderly lady he encountered at a promotional function, said of course she knew who he was and that she had often enjoyed seeing him play. It went on like that for 20 minutes. Then he stood up. "My," she said, "how does a person as tall as you manage to play so well on hockey skates?"

This diverse crew plays basketball for the Houston Rockets, although until lately not in front of too many people. At the moment the Rockets are solidly in second place in the NBA's Central Division despite being consigned to enduring mediocrity by preseason experts. They are in the vanguard of a bunch of unlikely teams currently driving hard for playoff positions. It's been that kind of season in the NBA.

"It's a matter of confidence," K. C. Jones, coach of the Washington Bullets, said earlier in the season to explain why theoretically bad teams were beating theoretically good ones. "No one is afraid of anyone else any more."

Certainly there is no lack of confidence among the Rockets, although it had long been more a matter of each player believing in himself rather than in the team. Now, working together as a unit, something no Rocket group had managed since the franchise was established in San Diego in 1967, Houston has won eight of its last nine games and 12 of the last 16. After weekend victories over Cleveland and Phoenix, the Rockets' record was 37-31, putting them 4½ games in front of the third-place Cavaliers.

"It's taken a long time," says Johnny Egan, now in his second full year as the Houston coach. "To win, you have to have a couple of guys who'll sacrifice. This club never had that before. We have guys who have been in the league three, four years and who are only now beginning to realize that there is more to the game than scoring. They wondered why they didn't get recognition. We told them if you average 25 points and lose, nobody will know you. If you average 15 and win, you'll get the recognition. Still, it's awfully hard to change a player who thinks offense."

For sheer firepower, the Rockets have always been awesome. Not triumphant, just awesome. In its first seven seasons, Houston never averaged fewer than 107.4 points a game and always lost more games than it won. During the 1969-70 season the Rockets averaged a numbing 118.7 points and finished with an even more numbing 27-55 record. That was because they gave up an average of 121.8 points. For the fans, it was depressingly like watching reruns of the shootout at the O.K. Corral, and all their guys were Clantons.

Egan, who spent 11 years in the NBA as a 6′ playmaking guard, took over the coaching job from Tex Winter 48 games into the 1972-73 season and from the beginning stressed defense. For his assistant he chose Larry Siegfried, the brilliant, somewhat eccentric ex-Celtic with the computer mind.

Egan was brought in by Ray Patterson, who had just taken over as general manager in Houston after building a championship team for Milwaukee. The Rockets were drawing not quite 4,000 fans per game and one of Patterson's main projects was to put people in the stands, which would not be easy, he knew, because hardly anybody in Texas seemed to realize basketball was played in Texas. Patterson discovered this on his first day in Houston when he was flagged down by a city cop for speeding.



Rocket a firing: the instantly unrecognizable Tj'vch puts one up, attended by Ratlaff (42), Dave Wohl (11), Murphy (23) and Kunnert.

"What do you do?" asked the cop.

"I'm the general manager of the Houston Rockets."

"No, I mean for a living."

Thinking rapidly, Patterson mumbled something about his connection with the Milwaukee Bucks.

"Ah," said the cop, "you mean with Abdul-Jabbar and those guys?"

Slowly, Patterson, Egan and Siegfried began to overhaul the team. Last season the Rockets lost 50 games but 36 of them were by 10 points or fewer. And although they won but 32 games, the team was outscored for the whole season by just 11 points.

Egan blames habit for the slow pace of the transition. His people have always been shooters. Rudy Tomjanovich, the unrecognized All-Star, averaged 30.1 points one season at Michigan. Calvin Murphy, the 5′9″ guard who looks up to his sister, once scored at a 38.2-point clip at Niagara. Mike Newlin, who canceled his plans to become a surgeon, had a 26-point average one season at Utah. Superstitious ex-baseball player Ed Ratleff was a 22.8 scorer one year at Long Beach State. And Kevin Kunnert, the 7′ center who was traded away first by Chicago and then by Buffalo last season, averaged 19.2 his senior year at Iowa.

"You can explain to a man what you want him to do and he'll nod and say he understands," says Egan. "But then in the heat of battle habit takes over and he does what he always did, and if he's a shooter that means putting the ball up. That's what we are trying to do: change the habits. Our system is just starting to sink into these guys. The repetition is paying off. Now we are winning and they are starting to believe in it."

For Kunnert and Ratleff, each in his second season, the system fits more comfortably than with some of the others. Even when he was scoring big numbers in college, the 6′6″ Ratleff played unselfishly. "He doesn't care if he scores eight or 38," says Egan, "just as long as we win." The 185-pound forward rebounds, blocks shots, plays pressure defense, finds the open man, is high in steals. And, when called upon, he can score, too. During the current streak, he had a high of 31 against Phoenix.

Kunnert has been a pleasant surprise. Until Zaid Abdul-Aziz, a recent convert to Islam, retired for one game in December, Kunnert was a little-used sub. Zaid, who began the season as Don Smith, came back two days later, but by then Egan had decided to go with his 230-pound second-year giant. With each game Kunnert has become more sure of himself and more of a factor. "I feel more confident now that I know I'm going to play," he says. "The guys will throw the ball to me and know I'll give it back. When you come in off the bench, sometimes you're open and they look at you as if they didn't see you. It's a matter of maturity. It used to be discouraging when someone put up a bad shot. We're not doing that now."

For a team that did not grow up on victory, winning seems to fit the Rockets well. They are even enjoying the new pressure.

"Usually at this time we are just looking for a combination to start next season," says Tomjanovich, who is now in his fifth year, carries a 20-point-plus average and All-Star status for the second season in a row. Rudy T. has to be one of the least known authentic stars in sports.

Tomjanovich long ago learned about fame. He was a high school star in Hamtramck, Mich., and one night his team played a Catholic high school just two blocks away. His future wife, Sophie, was a cheerleader for the opponents. That night Tomjanovich, then 6′7″, skinny and the only white starter on his team, scored 51 points. A year later he met Sophie when both were freshmen at the University of Michigan and reminded her of the game. She said she didn't remember him.

A guy who can handle his ego in that situation can handle anything. Even being taken for a 6′8″ hockey player. **END**





PHOTOGRAPHS BY SHEEDY & LONG

AN AX CAN'T DO IT ALONE, YOU NEED A HAMMER

Vancouver was hanging in there with Gary (The Ax) Smith in goal, then 6'5", 225-pound Bob Dailey began throwing his weight around

by MARK MULVOY

Like most goaltenders, Gary Smith of the Vancouver Canucks qualifies as a minor eccentric. "Let's face it," Smith says, "goaltenders have basic insanity problems." Smith, for instance, removes all his equipment—from his shoulder pads to his chest protector to the seven pairs of socks he wears—between each period of every game, then puts it all back on. "I'll do anything to keep my mind off the game," says Smith, who, having been in 63 games, is the workhorse of NHL goalies. On the ice the combative Smith is called "Ax," because he likes to use his stick machete-style on rival players who challenge him. Smith has accumulated 31 minutes in penalties this



Despite being felled a few times himself while protecting the nets from Black Hawks like Phil Russell, Canuck Goaltender Smith stayed sharp

season, including a record three overlapping penalties in one game.

There would also seem to be a touch of schizophrenia in Gary Smith's psychological profile. When the tension around the Vancouver goal becomes really unbearable, he is famous for going into either his Garo Yepremian act, drop-kicking the puck out to center ice, or a Bobby Orr imitation, skating the puck out to the blue line. The other night in St. Louis, Smith displayed both, kicking a 30-yarder against the Blues and also being body-checked so hard near the blue line that his face mask flew 25 feet into the air, almost landing in the seats.

Seven years of marriage should have conditioned Vicky Smith to what to expect from her husband, the eccentric goaltender, but she was hardly prepared for his latest. Last week, when the weary Canucks, having spent an NHL-record 15 days on the road, arrived back in Vancouver, Smith was sporting a scraggly beard. "The beard," Smith told Vicky, "is my way of protesting the ridiculous road trip we just finished. Sure it looks grubby, but I feel grubby, too." Smith looked so unappealing that his newborn daughter, Sunny, began to cry when he took her from his wife's arms.

For Smith and the Canucks that road trip, including six games in eight nights during one stretch, had been as disastrous as it was ridiculous, the Canucks losing six of the eight games. Fatigued mentally as well as physically, Smith played so poorly toward the end of the junket that Coach Phil Maloney pulled the Ax out of two games to spare him further embarrassment. When the Canucks returned to Vancouver they had lost their seemingly insurmountable 16-point lead over the preseason favorite Chicago Black Hawks in the Smythe Division, and trailed the Hawks by a point. And who was waiting for them in Vancouver? Tony Esposito, Stan Mikita, Bill White and friends, that's who. And, surprise, a suddenly hostile citizenry.

In many ways the Smythe Division is

continued

the poverty pocket of the NHL; indeed, when the Canucks and the Hawks squared off for first place last Friday night at the Pacific Coliseum, neither team had as many points as the third-place club in two of the other three divisions or the second-place team in the third. However, the division's low point total was more than offset by the fact that it offered the league's best title race, with Chicago and Vancouver changing places at the top three times in the last week and the third-place St. Louis Blues beginning to mount a serious challenge to both leaders.

The pressure on Smith and his teammates was severe as they prepared to face Chicago. Accustomed to the Canucks' back-of-the-pack finishes in their first four NHL seasons, the Vancouver fans, who have filled the Coliseum to its standing-room capacity of more than 16,000 for every game this season, now regard their team as a first-place club and are not about to accept anything less.

"I'm afraid these guys are a bunch of chokers," said one of the bartenders down at Pip's. Smith growled at the critique. "Realistically, the people around here hoped that we could finish in third place and make the playoffs," he said. "Now maybe we have spoiled them. Listen, when I look at our roster, I don't see any Mikitas or Whites. We've done damn well up to now, and we're not going to fold. But the people shouldn't expect the moon so soon."

Indeed, the Canucks have overcome overwhelming odds in their drive toward hockey respectability. "We don't have any hammers," complains Maloney. By "hammers," he is referring to tough guys who will dig into the corners and, more importantly, protect Andre Boudrias, Bobby Lalonde, Don Lever and the other diminutive skaters that predominate on the Canuck roster. Maloney introduced Operation Harmony to Vancouver last winter when he took complete control of the Canucks and issued a statement that "for the first time ever, the coach and the general manager of the Canucks will get along." Maloney *is* both the coach and the general manager. "Before he came along," said Smith, "the club was run by a committee of about 10 men—and they had to vote on everything. Things were so confusing that I told them I didn't want to play in Vancouver anymore unless they were willing to improve the hockey club. Now we all know where we're going for a change."

Maloney also laments the outrageous schedule that Vancouver has each season. On one trip the team was required to travel from Detroit to Buffalo with a 24-hour stopover in Vancouver, of all places. "The schedule costs us at least 10 points a year," Maloney says. "When we go on the road, it seems that we're gone for months. Last summer I made a number of trips to the NHL office in Montreal and lobbied for a better schedule. I was well received and the league office promised relief, but when the schedule came out, all we got was the ace of hearts." Then, his voice dripping with sarcasm, Maloney mumbles, "Of course, that's what happens when you don't have 18 championship flags hanging from your ceiling."

Despite these handicaps, the Canucks have endured, thanks to Smith's exceptional goaltending. "We've got one star on this team, Gary Smith," says Forward Chris Oddleifson. "We don't score a whole lot of goals. Heck, we've got only two players [Lever and Winger John Gould] who have scored more than 20, but we work our heads off. Gary appreciates what we do for him, and he works his head off in goal, and that's the whole story behind what we've managed to do."

Smith has taken the tourist route around the NHL, starting in Toronto, moving to California, Chicago and then to Vancouver. "The best two years of my career were spent in Chicago," says Smith, who worked infrequently as Tony Esposito's backup. "I became a real Tony Esposito fan. You can have Bernie Parent and Ken Dryden and that Russian guy, Tretiak, I'll take Esposito. He taught me how to concentrate, for one thing. I used to concentrate by periods, but I'd lose myself halfway through. Tony taught me to concentrate in five-minute cycles. After each five minutes I look at the clock, say 'great' or whatever, then start another five minutes. In other words, the game becomes 12 five-minute cycles."

Last Friday, one of the Black Hawks' trainers walked up to Smith and handed him a large box wrapped with pink paper and a blue bow. Inside the box was a gift from the Espositos for six-week-old Sunny Smith. "Tony would never give it to me himself on the day of a game," said Smith. "I know Tony. He is in his deep haze right now. Getting all psyched up for tonight. I know I'm going to play well. What I'm afraid of is that Tony will throw a big zero at us."

It was a wild but superbly played game, with the noisy Vancouver crowd saving its loudest jeers for the appearance of Chicago Defenseman Keith Magnuson. Earlier in the season Magnuson had broken Chris Oddleifson's jaw with a roundhouse punch. With the feisty Oddleifson on the bench for almost two months, the Canucks frittered away much of their lead. When Magnuson finally skated on the ice three minutes into the first period to help kill off a Chicago penalty, the Coliseum broke out in one loud boo. Moments later, though, the jeer became a cheer as little Boudrias dodged a Magnuson body check and slipped the puck behind Esposito on a Vancouver power play that gave the Canucks a 1–0 lead. As the game went on, it was obvious, too, that Maloney had discovered the "hammer" he insisted the Canucks needed so desperately.

At 6′5″ and 225 pounds, 21-year-old Defenseman Bob (Waldo) Dailey is the biggest player in the NHL. Dailey had been on the bench with an injured wrist during most of the disastrous road trip, but now he was returning with a vengeance. In order, he crashed Mikita, Cliff

continued



Showing no sign of jet lag, Andre Boudrias kept coming at Chicago Goalie Tony Esposito.



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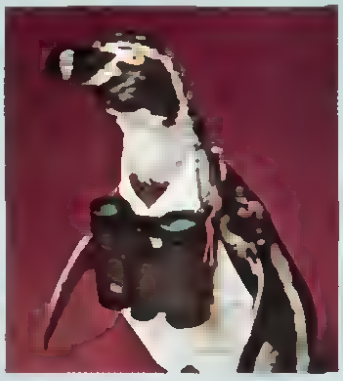
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Koroll, Pit Martin and Dennis Hull to the ice, then he removed Hull from a goal-mouth melee with a Mean Joe Greene-style tackle. Aroused by Dailey's aggressiveness, the Canucks recorded a season-high 19 hits during the first period, including eight by Dailey that matched the entire Chicago total. A hit is body contact that leads directly to a loss of the puck. Then, late in the second period, with the Black Hawks looking over their shoulders for the omnipresent Mean Mr. Dailey, the Canucks took a 2–0 lead as Leon (Cheesy) Rochefort, alone in front of the Chicago net, took a pass from Dailey and sent a quick flip past Esposito.

Seconds later the game threatened to get out of hand when Referee Bruce Hood's arm shot up as he passed the Black Hawk bench. One of the Hawks had yelled a not-so-sweet nothing at Hood, and the referee retorted with a bench minor penalty on the Hawks. Then, as the Canucks continued to control the puck, one of the Hawks tapped the referee on the back with his stick. Hood called another bench minor on Chicago. Enraged at the referee, Chicago Coach Billy Reay tried to have spare goaltender Michel Dumas serve one of the bench penalties, clearly a breach of the rules. Spotting Dumas on the ice, Hood called a third bench minor on the Black Hawks for delay of game.

Chicago managed to close the score to 2–1 in the third period when Center Dale Tallon beat Smith from in close, following a Dennis Hull shut that had taken a crazy bounce off the glass. But with two minutes to play Smith and Dailey combined to preserve the Canucks' lead. First Smith tipped a head-on Mikita blast over the net, then Dailey flicked aside a Hull shot that had gotten by his goalie and was going into the net. And so the Canucks were back in first place by a point (at least until the next night when they lost to the New York Islanders 7–5, while Chicago beat Los Angeles 6–1). And what did Smith—now beardless—say to Esposito after the game? Did he thank him for the baby gift? "I didn't say anything," Smith said. "Tony just wanted to know if I had left some cold beers for him with the bus driver." The way the poverty pocket division lead has been seesawing between the Canucks and the Black Hawks, Smith and Esposito will have plenty of chances for conversation come Stanley Cup time. **END**

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THE DEADLY STROKE

It seems so simple. The ball is here, the hole over there, and all you have to do is roll it in. When he was young, Arnold Palmer thought all his putts should drop, but Sam Sneed could have told him there would come a day. . . . Now Palmer can tell Johnny Miller. On the following pages Artist Don Moss takes a surrealistic look at a gallery of champions on the green as they attempt the most important—and what can certainly be the most scary—shot in golf, the putt.

As his watchful caddie racks up the score, Miller drills home another putt on the kind of surface he likes best—one that is table slick.


30
40
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Eorly last year Lee Trevino mooned that his stroke hod become unhinged, but by August he hod it bock together ogoin and won the PGA Chompionship.



Once there was no better putter than Arnold Palmer, but lately he has been like a man in a nightmare trying to tap a size-eight ball into a size-five cup.



When an aging Sam Snead realized his nerves could no longer bear the strain of the conventional style, he faced up to it and grew years younger.



THAT OLD SINKING FEELING

by DAN JENKINS

There is no question that golf would be a more fascinating and altogether more bearable game if it were stated in the rules that once the golfer reached the green he could call upon a Rumanian soccer-style placekicker to handle the rest.

The problem with putting is that it has absolutely nothing whatsoever to do with golf and hasn't for decades. Putting only came about with the invention of the smooth, cultured green, which must have been in the pre-cursing era of the game. Good greens have done nothing but give the golfer a split personality.

First, he is the violent, physical athlete who tries to slash enormous divots out of the fairways, as if he is hoping to bring in another East Texas oil field, or as Dave Marr once said, as if he's preparing Ewell Gibbons' lunch. But when on the green, the golfer becomes something else. He is a solemn, timid, prayerful soul who wants only to peck tenderly at the ball, to dance quaintly behind it or perhaps trot along beside it reading a few pages of Keats, fearing that if he doesn't do any of this, the ball will glide up, over, down, around and so far away from the cup he will have to place an order with room service to get it back.

For almost as many years as golfers have been trying to putt, there have been professional golfers trying to tell golfers how to putt. In their wisdom, they have told everybody to be bold—"Never up, never in," some Scot once said, smoldering in his tweeds—and they have told everybody to let the putt "die at the hole," pointing out that a ball that rolls *past* the cup is more than likely *not* going in, and they have told everybody to do something in between, such as "lag." Old Laurie McLag said that one day at Leith.

Further, the professionals have told us to use rear-shafted putters, center-shafted putters, mallet-head putters, blade putters and putters that plink a tune at the strike of the ball—*We'll Meet Again*. They have told us to stand with our feet close together, with our feet spread apart, with our weight on the left foot, with the weight balanced and sometimes to just "get comfortable" and putt. They have told us to putt like a pendulum, to putt as if a door is closing, as if a nail is being driven, as if we see an "imaginary line," as if we have "feel." They have told us just about everything except that you can't putt in a coffin unless you sit up straight.

For all of this, it has been proved by the simple playing of the game that no one—pro or sausage hitter—can putt well consistently. Jack Nicklaus will stare at a short one that missed and claim it hit "nothing but air." Arnold Palmer will be unable to get his knees unlocked in time for dinner. Gary Player will bar *God* from South Africa for a week. Lee Trevino will say, "I putt so bad I'm gonna eat a can of Alpo." And Jimmy Demaret will remember that "Tommy Bolt's putter has spent more time in the air than Lindbergh."

Fortunately, there is now hope for everyone. A spiral notebook recently was found in the hollowed-out portion of an old sycamore tree that borders a par-5 hole on a municipal course in Fort Worth, Texas. Also in the tree were the rusted head of a cashed-in putter and a suicide note from the putter itself, saying it was sorry for all of the grief it had caused the owner. The notebook has been sent to this office by the man who found it. He has asked that his name be withheld in the fear that someone will think he still plays golf.

In any case, the notebook contains 10 Basic Rules for Happy Putting, and they are now to be shared.

1. Don't attach any cork or foam rubber to the shaft of your putter unless you want it to float.
2. Always drag your cleats when walking on bent grass greens.
3. Any sidehill putt over 25 feet in length requires either whistling or humming.
4. Backhand anything four feet long or under and pretend you heard somebody say, "It's good."
5. Never squat down in tight pants.
6. Before tapping in a gimme birdie, light a cigarette, comb your hair and twirl the putter like a baton.
7. Never waste time squinting at a 3-footer that breaks to the right. Nothing will help.
8. If somebody says a putt breaks toward a mountain or an ocean, find out why you aren't there instead of on the golf course.
9. At least twice a round while marking the ball, try stumbling and falling forward.
10. There are many ways to punish a putter, such as burning, rusting and drowning, but the most torturous is to drag it along on pavement out of the door of a fast-moving vehicle.

There will be those golfers whom none of the above will help. In that event, they will be left with the time-preserved words of Ben Hogan. Hogan once was asked by a long-suffering player what he should do about his wretched putting. He had tried every stance, grip, club and attitude. But nothing was dropping. Said Hogan, "Have you considered hitting it closer to the hole?" **END**

He has been chided for the amount of time he hovers over the ball, but no one has made as many big putts in big tournaments as Jack Nicklaus.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO



Learning his trade as he fought, young Roberto Duran of Panama figured that a boy's best teacher was a hit in the head. Such lessons absorbed, he is still a brawler, but also the lightweight champion



LITTLE MAN WITH A BIG PUNCH

by ***TEX MAULE***

Roberto Duran of Panama is the lightweight champion of the world. He is 23 years old, strives to look like Prince Valiant, dresses like Liberace, plays the drums and sings like Desi Arnaz and, at 5′7″ and 134½ pounds, hits like Hurricane Hattie.

Two weeks ago, in his latest defense of the title in Panama City, Duran knocked out Ray Lampkin of Portland, Ore., the No. 1 ranked contender. He put Lampkin away with a fearsome left hook after 13 rounds and 36 seconds of the unrestricted warfare that marks all of his fights, and when it was over—with Lampkin sprawled unconscious on the canvas—Duran apologized to his fans.

"I was not in my best condition," he said. "Next time we fight I will kill him." Since Lampkin was out for 80 minutes and in the hospital with a severe concussion for five days, the remark was memorable more for honesty than for sportsmanship. "He did not really mean that he would actually *kill* Lampkin," said a worried Luis Henriquez, an old friend who interpreted for Duran. "It was just his way of speaking."

Duran's way of speaking and his way of fighting are the same, direct and uncompromising, and he learned both on the streets of Guararé and Panama City, where he grew up in stark poverty. After the Lampkin match someone asked him where he had learned to fight, and he grinned, white teeth flashing in his little beard. "*A todos lados*," he said, meaning from all sides. "In the streets when I was a boy selling newspapers and shining shoes, I learned to fight there." He has not changed his style appreciably since.

Damn the defense, full speed ahead. Duran knocked out Ray Lampkin to retain his title.

"It is still the same," he said. "No trainers have changed me. My best teacher is a hit on the head. That makes me think how do I not get hit on the head the same way again. Some people have told me this is the hard way to learn, but for me it is the easy way."

During the fight in Panama City's steamy Colisseum, Lampkin contributed to Duran's education. Time and again he caught the champion with a good strong left jab and often whacked him with a stout right-hand lead, a sucker punch. None of the shots did discernible damage. Duran kept boring in, using his minimal left jab to set himself to throw an overhand right reminiscent of Sandy Koufax' high hard one. For variety he whaled away at Lampkin's head with the sweeping, explosive left hook that finally ended the fight. He ignored his corner's anguished cries of "Keep your guard up!" and "In the body, champion!" "I do not hear anything in the ring," Duran says. "I am too busy, and if I listen *I* might get hit. Even when I don't listen I get hit. But not so much."

It is a mark of Duran's special toughness that when he gets hit, he reacts with fury. Like other memorable fighters of this bent—notably Rocky Graziano, Carmen Basilio and the late Rocky Mar-

continued

eiano—a blow to the head ignites him. Happily, his head seems to be made of cement, and in the Lampkin fight, each time he was hit Duran instantly came back with a fierce counterattack. Body blows he ignores.

Duran's first fights were with an older brother when Roberto was five or six, and he lost most of them. "He wanted me to climb coconut trees and steal the coconuts so we could sell them," Roberto says. "Me, I had much fear of climbing the trees, but I had more fear of my brother, so I went ahead and stole the coconuts."

Ironically, he stole the coconuts from the estate of Carlos Eleta, who is now his manager. Eleta did not miss the coconuts—he owns most of Air Panama, a TV station, two breeding farms for racehorses, fighting cocks and 10 or 12 young fighters. Handsome and fit in his 50s, Eleta has been wrapped up in sports all of his life. For 11 years he was the tennis champion of Panama, using a two-handed backhand before this stylish touch was brought to the attention of the world by Pancho Segura.

"When I first saw Duran, he was in his first professional fight, and his manager was a jockey," Eleta says. "Duran was smaller then, but he fought in much the same way. He was very, very quick, very strong. But what I look for in a fighter is *corazón*, and Duran has a heart as big as his body. So I bought him from the jockey for $300, and I have managed him for almost all of his fights."

Most of them have been rousers; two are particularly memorable. Duran won the title in Madison Square Garden in June 1972, knocking out Ken Buchanan in the 13th round after an unrelenting attack. Duran has little respect for Buchanan, a classic upright Scot. "If I had had as much experience as him," Roberto says, "I would have knocked him out more quickly." That November Duran suffered his only loss—he has won 48, 41 by knockouts—in an over-the-weight fight with Esteban DeJesus of Puerto Rico, also in New York. Last year, in the return bout in Panama, with his title on the line, Duran knocked out DeJesus in the 11th round of an electrifying encounter.

Eleta also manages Duran's money, which is fortunate for the fighter. Given his head, Duran would likely squander everything. Eleta has invested the purses in two apartment houses and a residence. "He comes to me after a fight and asks for $2,000, $3,000," Eleta says. "He has a lot of people hanging around him saying, 'You are the champion. Make Eleta give you the money.' So then he comes to me and I say, '*Cholo*, here is $200.' So then later he comes back and kisses me and says, 'Thank you, Papa.' " *Cholo* is Spanish for Indian, the predominant strain in the Duran family. Duran, who never met his real father until he had won the lightweight championship, was born in Chorrillo, a Panama City slum—narrow streets lined with cheap shops, noisy bars and rapidly decaying three-story wooden tenements. "When I was very little my mother took us to Guararé because it was much cheaper to live there. So I remember in Guararé I get up early in the morning, go out to chop wood and sell the wood for a nickel or a dime. I bring the money back and my mama buy rice and milk and that's what we have to eat for the day. There was eight *niños*, so we did not get much to eat, you know."

Duran picked up a little more money by dancing and singing in the streets. If he did not bring it all home, his mother popped him into a basket hanging from a tree and swatted him with a broomstick, much as one might swat a Christmas *piñata*. Despite this, and despite the fact that she farmed out Roberto to friends and relatives from time to time, Duran has a deep affection for her. One of the first things he did when he began to make money was to buy her a home in Panama City.

"She gave me away maybe 10 times," he says. "Don't think wrong about that," he adds quickly. "It did not mean that she does not love me. It just means that she could not afford to feed me. She loved me very much."

Guarare is in the interior of Panama, some 150 miles from Panama City, and when he can manage, Duran returns there. When he was in New York for the Buchanan fight he was taken on a round of nightclubs, and someone asked him what he thought of the shows. "The *feria* in my hometown of Guararé is better," said Duran.

He came back to Chorrillo when he was 12 or 13 and contributed to the support of his mother by performing in bars. "I was a cute kid when I was little," he says. "I could dance good and sing good and play the drums good. I had a good time, and I had a lot of fights in the street, too, with kids who wanted to take away my tips."

For a time after he became a professional fighter Duran had a small band, and entertained in the nightclubs of Chorrillo, but Eleta made him give it up last year. "I was the drummer and the singer," Duran says, "but Papa, he did not want me in the bars. He did not mind the music, but he did not like me being in bars, so I had to quit."

Eleta also made Duran give up carousing with old friends; the fighter, once a steady cantina patron, has not had a drink in a year. "Also my wife has done this to me," he says, grinning. "Not to mention my mother-in-law and my father-in-law."

After the Lampkin fight, resplendent in a pink-and-white checked suit à la Liberace, and carrying a small leather purse, Duran met some friends at a restaurant. Putting the purse on a table and fishing through it, he hauled out a $50 gold piece on a heavy gold chain, a few gold bracelets and charms and, finally, a small gold ring with LOVE inscribed on it. "This is what I just bought my wife," he said.

Eleta stirred the pile of gold ornaments with a finger. "You know why he likes all this gold?" he asked. "Because when I won't give him enough money, he will go to the pawnshops with it and get the money he wants. Then he will come to me and ask me for the money to get his gold back."

Duran, his wife and three small children live in a new home in a good section of Panama City, which is usually crowded with friends and relatives. The interior is decorated in what might be called Chorrillo baroque and is embellished with discarded clothes, odd shoes, empty beer cans and cigarette butts. Duran is very proud of the house, as he is of his small, quiet and pretty wife, Claudinette, who happily watches her husband preen himself.

"I was looking out of my window in the apartment in the barrio," Duran says, speaking of the time he first saw her. "I see this very pretty girl walk by in the street, so I run down the stairs and catch up to her and I say, 'Hello, how are you? I like the way you look. Would you like to go to the movies?' And she say, 'I like

continued

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the way you look, too, so we go to *two* movies.' Then, two years later, we get married."

The day after the Lampkin fight, Roberto left Claudinette at home with the children while he returned to the barrio to have lunch at an Italian restaurant. He was greeted by an ancient one-armed French Panamanian with no teeth. "Mocho, my friend," Duran said, "come eat with me." He embraced the old man warmly and made him sit down.

"When I was fighting amateur," Duran said, "Mocho would feed me when I was hungry. Sometimes it was the only food I had. Then, when I go to New York to fight Buchanan, I take Mocho."

Mocho smiled toothlessly and nodded. The lack of teeth and one arm had no effect on the speed with which he dispatched a heaping plate of spaghetti. Duran was hard put to keep pace.

"This is what I like," he said between heaping mouthfuls, "to be back in my neighborhood with my old friends. Later we go to La Chorrera for the *feria*, and I will see many more old friends. It is the thing I like to do when I am not in training. Come to the barrio, sit around and talk, go to the *ferias* and see the people who have known me since I was shining shoes and fighting in the streets. Sing and dance all night."

In the late afternoon he drove to La Chorrera, a village 40 miles from Panama City. It was the last day of the *feria*, which ran from Friday through Monday, and the crowds were, to Roberto, disappointingly small. "I like lots of people," he said. "They are all my friends."

Still, Duran drew a crowd as he walked through the gate and by the tatty sideshows, agriculture exhibitions, con games and food stalls. He looked like a peacock in a barnyard in his pink suit, with lace on his cuffs and the front of his shirt. Women pressed their babies upon him so he could pose for photos with mother and child. He did it gladly, over and over, while the pink suit suffered horribly from the succession of infants. He tried a bowling game and won two packs of cigarettes, which he gave to a cousin, then strolled through the fairground with the crowd pressing in on him, loving it all.

Duran drove back in the dusk, looking forward to a Chinese dinner. "Every time after I fight," he said, "I eat at the Mandarin a special meal made for me. Me, I like all kind of food, except maybe French."

Duran drives the way he fights—all out, no defense, charging steadily. On the two-lane Panamanian road it made for a hairy trip, especially since Duran had a tape playing full blast and occasionally took his hands from the wheel to beat out the rhythm on the car's dashboard.

"I remember when I fight Leonard Tavarez in Paris," he said. "I ate a big meal and got very full, you know? And when I fight Tavarez, he hit me in the stomach in the second round and I hurt. So I knock him out as fast as I can in the third round so I can get back to the dressing room."

Duran is the champion of the World Boxing Association. Guts Ishimatsu, who defeated Buchanan in Tokyo a few days before Duran's victory over Lampkin, holds the WBC version of the title. Ishimatsu fought Duran in September of 1973 in Panama, and lost on a technical knockout in the 10th round after Duran had knocked him down three times.

The Japanese champion was known as Yuji Suzuki in those days. After Duran knocked him out he changed his named to Guts Ishimatsu to change his luck. The original Ishimatsu was a famous bodyguard of ancient Japan.

"That Japanese gave me one of my hardest fights," Duran says. "Harder than Lampkin, harder than Buchanan. But I knocked him out. If we fight again, I knock him out again." Like Duran, Ishimatsu is a brawler and, like Duran, he disdains defense. Unfortunately, he has nothing like the firepower Duran carries in both hands.

As Lampkin was recuperating in the hospital in Panama City, his manager, Mike Morton, was negotiating cautiously for a rematch. "We would like to fight him again in a cool climate," Morton said. "We would prefer the Garden, if possible. I think we had a good fight there." Indeed they did. And while Eleta is continually feuding with Madison Square Garden matchmaker Teddy Brenner, a prospective purse of $250,000 might persuade him to take the fight. At any rate, Mike Burke, the Garden president, is going to Panama to try to make it.

Whether Duran fights Ishimatsu or Lampkin next is of no difference to him. "They do not call me *Manos de Piedra* for nothing," he says proudly. "Ask Lampkin." *Manos de Piedra* means hands of stone. **END**



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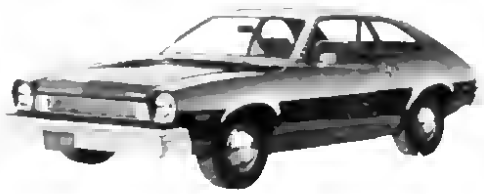
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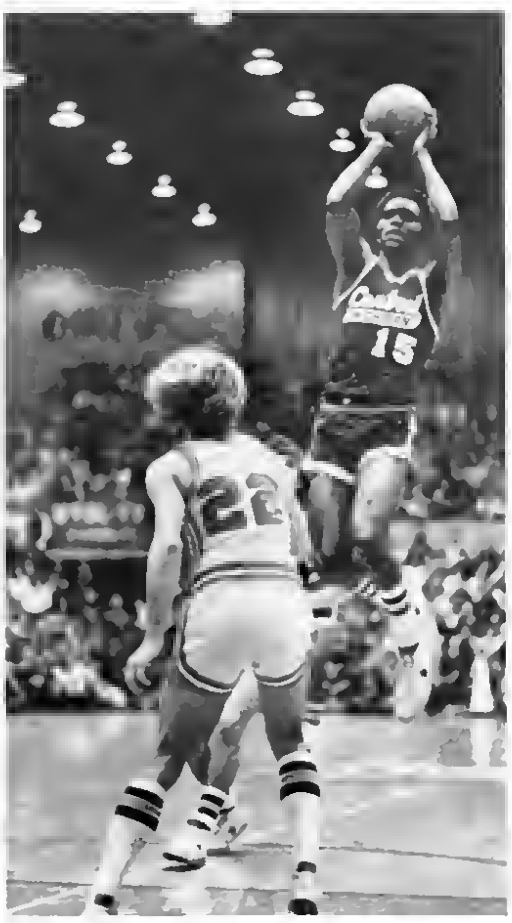
FORD DIVISION

Atop the pack in the MAC

Despite 32 points by a Bowling Green guard so eccentric that strange occurrences are named after him, Central Michigan captured the title

When Central Michigan finally comes down from the euphoria of its incredible overtime victory, the Chippewas should dedicate the Mid-American Conference championship that they won last week to a talented, eccentric guard on the team they defeated, Bowling Green's 6-foot Jeff Montgomery. At Bowling Green "A Montgomery" is defined as "anything that's too weird to be believed," which is a solid description of Montgomery, the MAC race and its final night.

This season's finish was the tightest in the history of the MAC, where close races are a tradition. In seven of the past 10 years, the title has been decided in the final game. Central Michigan came into last week's finale tied for first place with Bowling Green and Toledo. Each had a conference record of 9-4, and each had squeaked into position to take the championship and earn a spot in the NCAA tournament with a last-second win. The week before, Central's Denny Parks had hit a jumper at the buzzer to defeat Western Michigan 74-72. Earlier Toledo's Larry Cole had done the same to Miami of Ohio. And against Western Michigan last month, Montgomery had shot from 18 feet, the ball hitting the rim and bouncing back to him. With one second remaining, he flipped it up again. This time the ball went in as the radio announcer screamed, "A Double Montgomery!"



MONTGOMERY (22), McELROY STARRED

That set the stage for the final night, with noncontender Western Michigan playing at Toledo and Central at Bowling Green. The day before the most important game of his life, the Falcons' star guard swears he downed 23 beers—just to get ready. Montgomery, it turns out, is the ultimate Montgomery.

The Central Michigan players were more temperate. They stayed at an out-of-town motel, where they could pinch themselves in peace. The Mount Pleasant school joined the Mid-American Conference only three years ago, and had finished sixth, then fourth in basketball. Now Central was on the verge of winning it all.

But at the start of the game at Bowling Green, the Chippewas looked like dead braves. Montgomery was everywhere: dribbling, scooting through the defense, passing, shooting and scoring. Near the end of the first half, the ball was about to go out of bounds when Montgomery lunged after it. Flipping the ball backward, he smacked it off the head of Central's Dan Roundfield and out of bounds, giving it to the Falcons. It was A Montgomery in reverse. Plays like that and Montgomery's 16 points helped Bowling Green to gain a 39-32 halftime lead.

Between halves fans in the Falcons' Anderson Arena were anxiously awaiting the score from Toledo, only 25 miles up Interstate 75. Central Michigan had lost twice to Toledo earlier in the season, so it could not win the championship merely by beating Bowling Green. Toledo would have to lose. And as for Toledo, it could win only with a combination of a victory over Western Michigan and a loss by the Falcons.

The second half did not begin any more promisingly for Central and Toledo than the first period had ended. On one play, Montgomery tried to pass to a teammate underneath the basket and an alert Chippewa deflected the ball off the backboard and back into Montgomery's hands. He then hit a 10-foot jumper to complete another Montgomery. But despite Montgomery's best Montgomerys, the game remained close, mostly because Bowling Green's other shooters were ice cold. Forward Skip Howard, who in his last two games had totaled 34 points, was on his way to a two-point night, and Roundfield, the nation's second-leading shooter coming into the game with a .627 percentage, would end up with a 7 for 17 night. Meanwhile, Central's 6'3" Guard Jim McElroy and 6'6" Forward Russ Davis had turned red hot. Montgomery scored 12 points in the first 10 minutes of the second half, but McElroy put in 11 to tie the score at 55. Then Davis' 10-foot jumper put the Chippewas ahead 61-59. It was the first time they had been in the lead since the middle of the first half.

Still Montgomery, who finished with 32 points, kept his team in the game. At 3:46 his 15-foot jumper brought the Falcons to within three points at 75-72. With 2:02 left Montgomery narrowed Central's lead to 77-75 with a foul shot. Teammate Steve Cooper then tied the score at 77 with a breakaway layup. But suddenly Montgomery was writhing on the floor. Some who know him thought he was trying for A Montgomery in acting. Actually, he had a cramp in his calf.

Montgomery returned to the lineup and played the first three minutes of the overtime before his legs gave out again, leaving it to McElroy to determine the outcome. He scored all five of the Chippewas' overtime points to give them an 82-80 win.

continued

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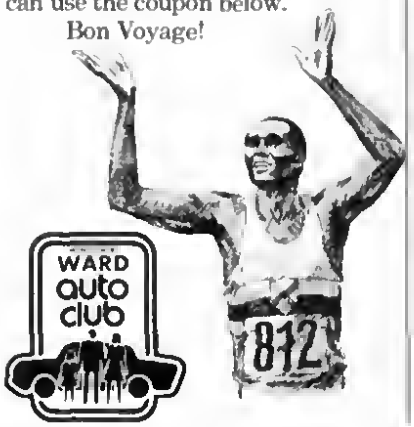
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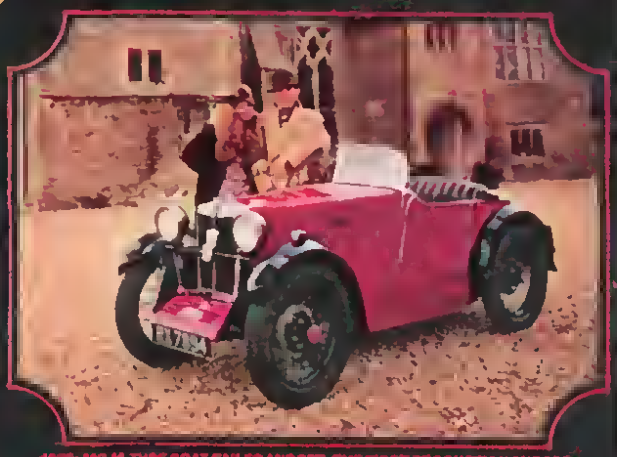
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Toledo had lost to Western Michigan 85–68, but the excitement of the game at Bowling Green briefly made Central forget there was a championship to be had. "I was in the locker room for five minutes before it hit me, and then I yelled, 'We're Mid-American champs,' " said Central Coach Dick Parfitt.

It had been that kind of night—A Montgomery from beginning to end.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDWEST "I have never been prouder of the fact that I was baptized in the First Baptist Church in Tulsa," said Shelby Metcalf, the coach at Texas A&M. Metcalf was not really as jubilant about religion as he was over the Baylor Baptists' submersing of Texas Tech 60–55. The Baylor victory combined with A&M's 100–77 defeat of SMU vaulted Metcalf's Aggies into sole possession of first place in the Southwest Conference. Four days later A&M wrapped up the league title by stopping Texas 74–63.

The Big Eight race was settled much the same way. Kansas snapped a tie for the lead with Kansas State early in the week and held on to win the championship. The Jayhawks took command when they eked out a 79–77 double-overtime win at Nebraska, while State was jolted by Missouri 83–75. Kansas, which trailed by 19 points late in the first half and by five with 48 seconds left, tied the game in regulation time on three points by Rick Suttle and a basket by Norm Cook after Suttle purposely missed a free throw. Danny Knight flicked in 10 overtime points for Kansas, which later beat Oklahoma 74–63.

Louisville beat Memphis State 84–79 and, despite the loss of Forward Wesley Cox with a pulled hamstring, zapped Dayton 83–67.

1. LOUISVILLE (24-2) 2. MEMPHIS ST. (20-9)

MIDEAST Early this season, Auburn Coach Bob Davis made a promise to his friend Joe Hall, the Kentucky coach. He told Hall that if the Wildcats' chances for the SEC title hinged on Auburn's finale against Alabama, he would "guarantee" a victory over the Tide. Davis is a man of his word. Trailing 69–63 with 3:59 left, Auburn outscored Alabama 13–1 for a 76–70 upset. Kentucky, which got 30 points from Kevin Grevey and 26 from Mike Phillips, drubbed Mississippi State 118–80. Davis' "guarantee" and Kentucky's win moved the Wildcats into a tie for first place with the Tide. Because Kentucky swept two games from Alabama during the season, the Wildcats will represent the SEC in the NCAA Mideast playoff against Marquette. The Tide also will appear in the tournament, but must go west to face Arizona State.

In a shootout for the SEC scoring title, Tennessee's Bernard King pumped in 33 points to give him a 26.6 league average, and Georgia's Jacky Dorsey had 26 to end up with a 25.8 mark. The Vols won 95–74.

Big Ten champ Indiana became the 13th team ever to go to the NCAAs with a perfect record, and its 29 wins are the most ever going into the tournament. The Hoosiers picked up No. 29 by crunching Michigan State 94–79.

Middle Tennessee gained an NCAA spot by defeating Austin Peay 89–75 for the Ohio Valley Conference title.

Bob McCurdy of Richmond virtually assured himself of the national scoring title when he poured in 87 points in his final two games, raising his average to 32.9.

By beating Tulane 99–74 and Florida State 63–54, Stetson finished 22-4, but to date has not been invited to a postseason tournament.

1. INDIANA (29-0) 2. KENTUCKY (22-4)

EAST Despite bad early footing, Furman and Boston College earned NCAA playoff berths. Two Paladins, Guard Ronnie Smith and Wingman Craig Lynch, injured ankles at the Southern Conference tournament. Smith hurt his early in Furman's opening-game 75–69 win over Appalachian State. Then, warming up before facing VMI, Lynch jumped, came down on a loose ball and twisted his ankle. The injury did not stop him from scoring 25 points as the Paladins won 94–81, but he suffered a badly bruised thigh in the process. Before the championship match-up with William & Mary, Lynch spent five hours in a whirlpool. Taped almost from thigh to toe, he scored 20 points, took the MVP award and Furman won 66–55. But the Paladins might not have made it except for Smith. After the Indians had cut a 14-point deficit to one with eight minutes to go, Smith came off the bench with his gimpy foot and guided the Paladins to eight straight points.

Boston College's prospects were dimmed when 6′ 11″ Paul Berwanger severed tendons in his right foot before the East Coast Athletic Conference's New England playoffs. But the Eagles downed Connecticut 68–58 and Bill Collins had 21 points and 17 rebounds as they stopped Holy Cross 69–55.

Three other ECAC regional winners advanced to the NCAA tournament. Two clutch baskets by Ed Jordan enabled Rutgers to beat St. John's 79–77 in overtime at the Metropolitan New York regional. Rudy Hackett had 32 points and 21 rebounds in Syracuse's 100–81 defeat of St. Bonaventure for the Upstate New York title. Georgetown overcame West Virginia 62–61 for the Southern Division championship.

LaSalle also gained a bid to the NCAA tournament, defeating Lafayette 92–85 to win the East Coast Conference championship.

1. MARYLAND (22-4) 2. N. CAROLINA (21-7)

WEST As has happened often before, Southern Cal Coach Bob Boyd's dream of dumping UCLA turned into another close-but-no-cigar affair that sent his hopes up in smoke. Down by 13 points at the half, the Trojans gained a 68–68 tie with 36 seconds to play. But UCLA's Pete Trgovich stole a pass, was fouled and converted two free throws, and Marques Johnson sank a layup at the buzzer for a 72–68 UCLA win. The win sewed up UCLA's ninth straight Pacific Eight title. Oregon surprised Oregon State 82–80 with the aid of a tip from Red Auerbach, who detected why Ron Lee had been shooting only 37.3% this season. "Auerbach said I've been shooting with my head down," Lee said. Playing heads-up, Lee swished 32 points.

Utah State zonked Montana State 95–69, but struggled past Weber State 72–70 in overtime. Trailing the Wildcats 59–54 with two minutes left in regulation play, the Aggies put on a full-court trapping defense. Nine seconds later they led 60–59, as they forced three turnovers, converting each into a basket. Rich Haws scored the final six points in the overtime to sew up the victory.

WAC champion Arizona State burned Arizona 107–92, as Lionel Hollins had 33 points. The Wildcats' loss, coupled with a 66–59 UTEP victory over New Mexico, gave the WAC's second NCAA tournament spot to the Miners.

California-Riverside has had amazing success with late rallies in both football and basketball. Last fall the Highlanders won their final three CCAA football games on field goals by Frank Jordan, a 5′ 6″ freshman. On the court, Riverside tied for the league lead on Jan. 17 by beating Cal State Northridge 63–62 on a shot by Tony Masi with seven seconds left. In the final weekend of the regular season, the Highlanders helped wrap up the CCAA title by downing Cal. State Bakersfield 60–59 on Jeff Sudds' 25-foot jumper at the buzzer. Last week at the NCAA Division II regionals, they came up with more of the same. With 53 seconds remaining in its opener against UC-Davis, Riverside was down by seven points. No sweat. Reggie Mims sealed a 78–77 win by scoring a layup with a full five seconds to play. Then, in the finals against Puget Sound, Masi tossed in a 20-foot shot two seconds before the end and the Highlanders won 59–58. It's all part of being downed by the Riverside.

1. UCLA (23-3) 2. ARIZONA STATE (23-3)

BASEBALL / *Roy Blount Jr.*

Opening of the Catfish season



Surfacing in Florida, a new Yank hooks into a fine-feathered feud

Even though spring training has just begun, the race between the Orioles and the Yankees in the American League East, which was so hot last September, is warming up again in Florida. Last weekend they split a pair of exhibition games, and if they play many like those when the season comes there are going to be hot times in two old towns this summer. Both games were won by one run, the first 7–6 by the Orioles in the ninth inning, the second 4–3 by the Yankees in the 10th.

Naturally, scores meant less to the teams' partisans than the performances of some ink-splashed new players, and here the Yankees came out a drop or two the better. On Saturday, Catfish Hunter, New York's new and far richer pitcher, limited Baltimore to one unearned run in three innings, and on Sunday Righthelder Bobby Bonds got the Yanks rolling with a resounding double.

In his first effort of the year Hunter looked solid as usual. Although the Orioles went on to win the game, when Catfish ended his stint he was ahead 2–1. His new fiscal status aside—his five-year contract is worth upwards of $3 million—he is a model money pitcher, the kind Whitey Ford was in the Yankees' most recent glory days: not overpowering but sharp, smart, controlled and confidence-inspiring.

Before facing the Orioles in Fort Lauderdale he sat composedly in his New York polyesters. The Yankees switched over from wool in '73, but their double knits have shirt buttons and still look like the suits Ruth and Gehrig wore, only trimmer. The Yankees are one of the few teams that have not gone slightly garish. The Yankee cap retains its classic simplicity. Catfish looks good in it.

Hunter has a good smile, a good mustache, a full head of hair, and calls to mind a progressive country singer, such as Willie Nelson or Billy Joe Shaver ("The devil made me do it the first time, the second time I did it on my own . . ."), only he doesn't look like he would ever go along with the devil on anything without checking it out thoroughly first. And he wouldn't give the devil anything to hit. He said he likes training in Florida better than in Arizona, where he had spent his springs with the A's, because fishing is handier and "you sweat. In Arizona you sweat, but it dries up right away. In Florida you feel like you're doing something.

"The Yankees and Cleveland were the only teams I followed when I was a boy," he went on. "I didn't follow any of the pitching, though. I wanted to be a hitter." How did he find the Yankees as a group, compared to the turbulent A's? "The Yankees are about the same team," he said, "only a little bit crazier."

"Hoo!" cried Reliever Mike Wallace. "Wait till that goes out on the wires!"

Hunter declined to expand on his remark, so there will probably not be any headlines screaming HUNTER CALLS YANK MATES BIGGER CRAZIES THAN THE A'SIES, but as a matter of fact the Yankees do seem to be loose enough to develop more color than they have in a good while. And in Bonds, whom they got from San Francisco in exchange for Bobby Murcer, they have what they have lacked for years: a dramatic, big-swinging, fast-running offensive threat. If Hunter could be the Yankees' new Ford, Bonds could be their new Mantle.

Bonds was asked what he is going to do about the fact that American League umpires call a higher strike than the National. "If I like it," he said, "I'm going to hit it whether it's a strike or not."

This is the kind of exuberant philosophy encountered among National League swingers. Bonds strikes out more than anybody in either league—but so did Ruth—and no player has ever been as much of a threat as Bonds to hit 40 home runs and steal 40 bases in a season. (He got 39 and 43 in 1973.)

Bonds failed to explode aloot or abat Saturday, but on Sunday in Miami he doubled to right center and scored the first New York run. The Orioles' new aggressors, Ken Singleton and Lee May, acquired from Montreal and Houston in off-season trades, did not get much going on Saturday, either. But the next day Singleton at least gave evidence of what he can do to augment the Orioles' noted poise. He had a pair of singles in three at bats and scored a run. The big cuts May was taking suggested Baltimore may have the kind of power Boog Powell, who was traded to Cleveland, used to provide.

Saturday's outing was as good an evocation of the spring training spirit as one could ask for. Crisp, tight, swift-moving 2–1 ball between two good teams for seven innings, and then in the eighth the field was suddenly full of people named Hutto and Harlow and Nordhrook and Whitfield and Dineen. These are the names you are going to be reading about in the future. Or maybe not. At any rate, they are trying to make their way into the bigs, and a near-capacity nonpartisan crowd of 6,489 egged them on as heartily as they had the stars.

In the Orioles' eighth, Timothy C. Nordbrook, a 25-year-old Baltimore native, hit a single. Then Al Bumbry banged a ball off the center-field fence that he legged into an inside-the-park home run.

The Orioles go ahead. But the Yanks come back! In their half of the eighth, Terry Whitfield—an All-America just four years ago in California at Blythe High, fulfilled a bit of his promise by stroking a double. Kerry Dineen, rather

continued

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a slight-looking nonroster person aged 22, singled Whitfield to third. And when Ron (The Bronx Blomber) Blomberg tapped back to the mound, Whitfield got caught in and then lithely escaped a rundown at third.

All hands safe. Bases loaded. "Who is that?" asked an Oriole.

"Whitfield," said another.

"Infield or outfield?" asked the first.

"Whitfield," said the second.

In the stands, the fans—wearing Little League caps and big straw hats and T shirts reading "Peace, yes—but with Christ!" and blue three-button suits and wraparound denim skirts and cutoff jeans, and in some cases virtually nothing—rose and whooped.

Infielder Fred Stanley, who was a business major at Rio Hondo Junior College, sells real estate and has in fact played in 187 major league games at one time or another, came through with a three-run triple. And Chris Chambliss singled Stanley home. When the next hitter popped out, Chambliss took off under the misapprehension that there were two outs and was doubled off first.

The score stands 6–3 Yankees. That ought to do it. But don't count a class team out. In the Orioles' ninth, Bob Bailor, not quite 24, singles in Jim Hutto and Larry Harlow, and the score is 6–5, two men are out, and Bumbry is back up.

Let us pause to pay tribute to the beauty of Al Bumbry's full listed name:

> Say all and sumbry,
> Alonza B. Bumbry
> Is fast as most anything going.
> He'll hit a nice soft
> Grounder and off
> Alonza B. Bumbry goes: *boing.*

But more than a leg single is required of Bumbry now, and more than that is what he produces, doubling just inches inside the left-field line. Two runs score to make it Baltimore 7, New York 6. In the bottom of the ninth, M. Wayne Garland, whom the Orioles call Pudge, retires the Yankees without a score.

The last man up for the Yankees is Dineen. "Pop his butt up, Pudge," cry the Orioles. "Let's go home."

Dineen takes a called third strike, wincing, and the game is over.

"Hey, Baltimore," says Singleton.

"Six runs in the last two innings," says Oriole Outfielder Jim Northrup.

"That will do it, almost every time," says Singleton. **END**

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Burlington Northern forecasts the number of such trains will grow eight times by the early 1980's. "We'll be hauling low-sulphur Western coal over 1,600 miles," says Johnson, "providing a new energy source for many widespread parts of the country."

U.S. Steel salutes productivity like this, especially in the vital area of energy production. We, too, are doing many things to be more



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USS **We're involved.**

Brother, can you spare a car?

Those weren't 1930s applecarts in the Ontario 500, but hard times are closing in on the speedways

Not since the dreary depths of the Great Depression has American oval-track racing been in quite so sad a state. The 33-car field for last Sunday's California 500—first of the U.S. Auto Club's Triple Crown races—had to be filled by invitation. A tour of the garage area at the Ontario Motor Speedway provoked the same grim sense of penury that often accompanies a stroll through a used-car lot. There stood Roger McCluskey, the fine old USAC veteran, beside his mount, the—what's this?—Silver Floss Sauerkraut Special.

Sauerkraut, indeed. And that wasn't the funniest monicker by a long shot. With sponsorship money fast evaporating, drivers have been forced to patch up the most amazing financial alliances. Jimmy Caruthers, a rising young racer from Southern California, ended up behind the wheel of the Alex Foods Tamale Wagon. Last year's Indy winner, Johnny Rutherford, found himself piloting a color-coordinated Gatorade McLaren—a green machine, the unluckiest of colors according to racing tradition. But Al Loquasto took nomenclatural honors with his Frostie Root Beer Pennsylvania Bicentennial McLaren Special.

Nonetheless, anyone with any angel at all was far better off than a driver like Dick Simon, who lost his TraveLodge sponsorship on the eve of the race and had to wheel forlornly around the track in a car most remarkable for the absence of big-letter decals.

Of the 38 cars that showed up for qualifying, only one was brand new: George Bignotti's Wildcat. Bignotti, the superwrench who has prepared six winning cars at Indianapolis, went the whole route. The Wildcat is not named for a feline but for an oil well, since Owner Pat Patrick is a petrobuckster, and the car comes with a brand-new engine as well as a new chassis.

"The main thing isn't power today," Bignotti says, referring to recent USAC rules that require cars to get 1.8-miles-per-gallon fuel consumption, half a mile more than in the halcyon days of unlimited power just two years ago. Thus the Wildcat chassis is "cleaner" than the now dominant Eagle and Coyote chassis favored by most teams, and its engine is more efficient than the standard Offenhauser. And cheaper, too—only $25,000 per copy when it goes into full production next year, compared with $35,000 for an Offy. Despite its novelty, Gordon Johncock could qualify the Wildcat no higher than the fourth row.

Laudable as Bignotti's motives may be in moving toward a less costly, more efficient Indy car, the change may be too little and too late. Racing costs are escalating even faster than the cost of living. "We've never been hurting worse for money," says one of the sport's top constructors. "We've been living a binge for the past eight or 10 years, starting with expensive engines, then the big-bucks involvement of the fuel and tire companies. It created a kind of 'sky's the limit' mentality that is still at work among the USAC officials, but bears no relation to the economic realities of today. After all, the USAC bosses don't have any bucks in this, and human nature being what it is, it's easy for them to adopt a ruinous attitude of superiority. What we really need is a common, less costly engine that can be used in both oval and road racing, one that will put victory back where it deserves to be—in the hands of the driver, not the banker.

"What's really so sad is seeing the sport become an old man's game. The top drivers are getting long in the tooth—Bobby Unser and A. J. Foyt are over 40—and there's very little new talent coming down the road. A foxy grandpa can win Indy by playing it cool, using his savvy, not going all out. The fans want to see racing, not runaways by a super-expensive car or races won by cunning."

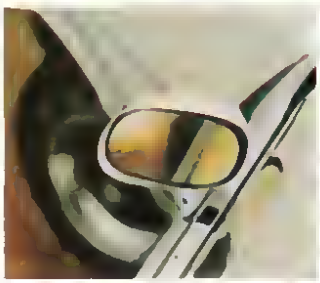
Roger Penske, who is one of the most dedicated and determined men in racing, also is disgusted with the USAC climate. "If it weren't for Indy, the prestige and money and significance of that one big event, I wouldn't be in oval-track racing," he says. "The costs are insane, the pressure is nearly intolerable, and even if you do everything right, it's still a matter of luck if you win." It was more than luck, however, that brought the Penske team into Victory Lane at Indy in 1972—painstaking preparation and the canny skills of Mark Donohue were the prime ingredients. Still, in talking to men like Penske and Dan Gurney and McLaren builder Teddy Mayer one comes away with a sense of frustration. These racers want to race, not play money games.

Moreover, the Speedway has its own problems. Mainly, it is on the verge of insolvency. The $25.5 million Ontario track, completed in 1970, is the handsomest racing facility in North America, if not the world. Yet it is a financial white elephant. When a group headed by Parnelli Jones took over the track in 1973, after the original managers went bust, it was acknowledged that success would be touch and go. It looks more like go right now. A complicated bond structure administered by the city of Ontario puts the daily cost of the track at $4,000. Racing alone cannot pay off that nut, so last year the track held a rock concert that drew more than 190,000 spectators—nearly twice the number that attended the first California 500. However, the bluenoses of Ontario didn't like all those longhairs in town, so future concerts have been forbidden. The Jones group has given notice to the city that it may have to bail out.

"We'll need a crowd of more than 100,000 for this race to stay with it," Parnelli said gloomily as race weekend approached. "I'm not in this for profits, I've got plenty of other business operations going, but I'm in it for the sake of racing." He looked out over the empty stands and the gleaming track. The snows of the San Gabriel Mountains shone just over his shoulder. "I'd sure hate to see them turn it into another lizard ranch."

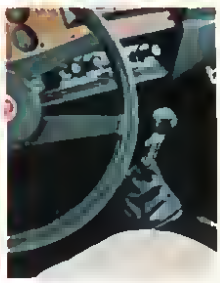
Well, best bring on the lizards. The race-day crowd sure looked smaller than the magic number. And it was a shame, too, for the richly sponsored Foyt ran away with the 500 in his slick Gilmore Coyote, thus becoming the man to beat at this year's Indy. Among the others, Johncock performed respectably in the Bignotti entry until forced out with debris in his engine, but then perhaps a lot of racers in the pack were scouting the stands for hackers. The day ended with all problems sadly intact. For everybody but A. J. END











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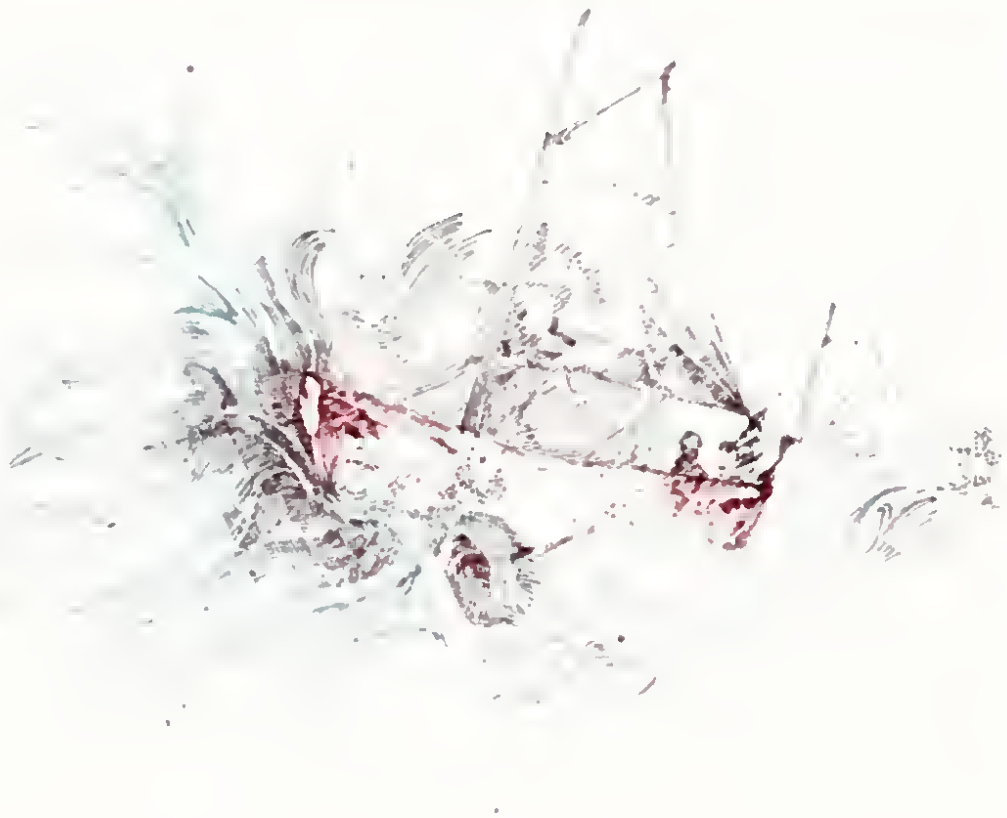
In 1909 Ernest Shackleton led a British expedition to within 97 miles of the South Pole, a feat for which he was knighted. It was the heyday of the polar explorer. Robert Peary of the U.S. had just become the first to reach the North Pole and in 1911, before Shackleton could return, Roald Amundsen of Norway reached the South Pole. So Sir Ernest decided to cross the continent of Antarctica via the South Pole, a distance of 1,700 miles. In December of 1914 he set out with 27 men on the 144-foot steam-powered barkentine Endurance. *The ship was trapped in pack ice within sight of its Antarctic beachhead and, locked in this mass for nine months, drifted 1,000 miles. The ship finally broke up, the men escaping to ice floes on which they camped for five months. When the floes began to disintegrate, Shackleton ordered the party into three lifeboats, and for seven days the men fought cold, hunger and engulfing seas before reaching Elephant Island, a bleak and uninhabited landfall. There was but one hope of rescue—a sea journey of heroic proportions. A classic account of that trip by the captain of the* Endurance, *a man of intrepid ways himself, has recently been reissued and is excerpted here.*

FROZEN HELL IN A COCKLESHELL

by F.A. WORSLEY



CONTINUED



We were 28 men facing winter on a bleak, barren beach of Elephant Island. There was, at intervals, the possibility of a fatal shortage of food, when seals or penguins failed to land from pack ice or the sea or abandoned the rookery where such a dangerous neighbour as man had suddenly settled. But food insufficient for 28 men might still nourish 22, if six went for help.

There was nothing to suggest to the outside world that Sir Ernest Shackleton and his men were near the South Shetland group; rather, they would look for us in the southern part of the Weddell Sea. There was no hope of rescue. Plainly, the thing to do was to take a boat to the nearest inhabited point, risking the lives of a few for the preservation of the party.

Before the *Endurance* was crushed and sunk I, as captain, had worked out the courses and distances from the South Orkneys to South Georgia, the Falklands and Cape Horn and from Elephant Island to the same places.

The westerly gales in the area that we proposed to cross are almost unceasing in the winter and cause strong east-running currents. This meant that we had practically no hope of reaching Cape Horn—the nearest point—and very little of making the Falklands, but would have fair gales and favouring currents to South Georgia.

It would have been impossible to keep the 28 men alive for that distance. The three boats could not have kept together, and the smaller two probably would have foundered. We therefore concentrated our meager resources on the largest boat, the *James Caird*, so named by Shackleton after the principal supporter of his expedition. She was double-ended and clinker-built in July 1914. Her planking was Baltic pine, keel and timbers American elm, stem and stern-post English oak. She was springy and buoyant.

While drifting on the pack ice after the loss of the *Endurance*, the carpenter had built her 15 inches higher, constructed a whale-back at each end and fitted a pump made from the Flinders bar casing of the ship's compass. We launched the boat into a pool and loaded her with two and a third tons' weight, which left her with 2′2″ freeboard, *i.e.*, height above water.

If timber had been available, the carpenter, a splendid shipwright, could have made a cutter in which we could safely have carried the whole party. At Elephant Island he covered the space between the whale-backs with very limited materials, consisting of sledge runners, lids of boxes and old canvas. Frozen like a board and caked with ice, the canvas was sewn, in painful circumstances, by two cheery optimists—L. Greenstreet, chief officer of the *Endurance*, and A. Bakewell, a Canadian AB. The only way they could do it was by holding the frozen canvas in the blubber fire till it thawed, often burning their fingers, while the oily smoke got in their eyes and noses, half-blinding and chok-

ing them. Strange nautical oaths, quips and jests flew to and fro. When finished, it was a good job and saved our lives more than once. A space was left at the after-end to steer from and give access to the "cabin."

The carpenter bolted one of the other boat's masts inside the keel of the *Caird* to prevent her breaking her back in extra heavy seas. The mast and sail of the third lifeboat were cut down to make the mizenmast and sail for the *Caird*. Her sails then were: jib, standing lug and a small mizen.

The boat's gear consisted of four oars, six crutches, a long rope for painter and for dragging the sea-anchor, a Navy boat's compass, an oil bag, red lights, flaming matches, two water-breakers, a bailer, two axes, a marlinespike and a repair bag. We also took a Primus stove with paraffin and methylated spirits, seal oil and a medicine chest.

Sir Ernest selected to accompany him: Tom Crean, H. McNeish, Timothy Macarty, J. Vincent and myself. Crean was a Naval petty officer and Vincent a North Sea fisherman. The rest were Royal Naval Reserve and Merchant Service men.

Every day I watched closely for the sun or stars to appear, to correct my chronometer, on the accuracy of which our lives and the success of the journey would depend. Never a gleam showed through the clouds that in these latitudes seem ceaselessly and miserably to shroud the bright blue sky and the cheerful light of sun or moon.

It was late in April; the southern winter was upon us. Daily, while waiting for the sun, I went up to the 150-foot rock to the north of the camp to watch the extent and movement of the ice starting to drift past the island on the NE current. Broken-up floes and streams of ice—scouts and skirmishers of the vanguard of the Great White Fleet—had already appeared. Borne each year from their icy fastnesses in the Antarctic by the broad stream that pours up through Bransfield Strait, they spread out in the winter through spillways of the South Shetlands, enveloping Clarence and Elephant Islands for weeks at a time.

On April 22 a broad band of ice lay along the north coast about two miles offshore. By the next day it had extended to the east and threatened to surround the island.

Sir Ernest came up with me that day, and we discussed how to get through it. At our feet lay a narrow channel, separating us from a rocky islet 200 feet high. At our backs, behind the camp, were black, forbidding cliffs and blue, menacing glacier fronts. Grounded bergs indicated shoal patches, but troubled us not at all. They served us well by breaking the line of stream ice and making two gaps, one of which looked a promising opening through the imprisoning ice-chain that encircled this isle of desolation.

Sir Ernest decided that if possible we would start next day, and gave Second-in-Command Frank Wild instructions that in the event of our not returning to bring relief before November—the opening of the whaling season at Deception Island, 140 miles distant—he was to assume that we were lost and make for that station.

On Easter Monday, April 24, 1916, at 6 a.m. all hands turned out to "lash up and stow." While breakfast was cooking, the *James Caird* was hauled close down to the sea ready for launching. The smaller boats were got ready to carry off ballast and stores to the *Caird* as soon as she was afloat.

Thirty days' food, water and oil and methylated spirits for the Primus were placed handy, as well as a tin of almost black seal oil, our six sleeping bags and a bag of spare clothing. Seaboots and oilskins were nonexistent. They had long before been worn out, cut up or used for other purposes.

Everything seemed promising for our start. The weather was clear, the sun shone at intervals and the wind was moderate from W. The long unending westerly swell had eased down to a lazy heaving that, running round our rocky lookout point, made only a moderate surge in the eastern bay.

By nine o'clock the surf had increased slightly. After waiting an hour and there being no improvement, all hands launched the *Caird*. As she entered the sea a large roller caught and almost capsized her, throwing McNeish and Vincent into the sea. I held out an oar to them in turn, and pushed them ashore to safety. Macarty and I then turned our attention to anchoring her. This done, I crawled down under the cover to find out why she was half full of water. The plug had been knocked up, probably during the bumping on the rocks, and the sea was pouring in through the plug-hole. In the semidarkness I could not find the plug, so took a treasured possession of mine—pathetic remnant of civilization—a "white" handkerchief, now of a repelling dark griminess, wrapped it around a marlinespike and jammed it in the plug-hole. I held it there till Macarty was free to come down and assist to bail her out. After this we soon found the plug, jammed it in very firmly and then felt that all was well again.

Having bailed the water out, we stowed the ton of ballast along the bottom of the boat, as it was ferried off by the other two boats. It was too much by about five cwt. The overweighting was the cause of the *Caird's* slowness, stiffness and jerky motion. It kept us constantly wet all the passage, so causing much unnecessary misery. I demurred strongly to Sir Ernest, but other counsels prevailed. He, knowing the danger of underballasting, went to the other extreme.

The unpleasant job of stowing the ballast in her gloomy little cavern was finished. The stores were ferried off and stowed. Our sleeping bags, spare clothes, oars, my sextant and navigation books were next handed in, then the two breakers of water and lumps of ice. Unfortunately, one of the breakers got stove in while hauling it off through the increasing surf, and a quantity of seawater, mixing with the fresh, partly spoiled it as, to our cost, we found out later on.

Sir Ernest came on board. A few handshakes, we set sail, let go the mooring line and started. Cheers, yells and armwavings from the boats and shore were answered by us to the full extent of our lungs.

It was half an hour past noon. I steered north for the open sea. We were off. The sun shone, the sea sparkled, a fresh west wind blew and our spirits were high. Elephant Island was opening out astern in majesty of glittering snowy peaks and uplands, fronted by glacier walls and towering cliffs. Around us, droves and lines of gentoo penguins, with a few seals, reassured us that the party left behind would get food.

Our speed was nearly three knots. We heeled a little to windward, and so as soon as we cleared the land we shipped seas that wetted us. This was our baptism, the beginning of the ordeal by water.

continued

Two hours later we reached the stream of ice that we had seen from the look-out hill. We passed several bergs, some grounded. We turned east, ran before the wind along the stream of broken old pack, and looked for the gap before mentioned. Great fragments and hummocks of very old floes, worn, broken-down and melted into all sorts of grotesque and wondrous shapes, were heaving, bowing, curtseying and jostling on the long westerly swell.

They rose and fell on the heaving sea, drawing deceptively apart, then closing with a thud that would have smashed our boat like a gas mantle between thumb and finger. Castles, towers and churches swayed unsteadily around us. Small pieces gathered and rattled against the boat. Swans of weird shape pecked at our planks, a gondula steered by a giraffe ran foul of us, which much amused a duck sitting on a crocodile's head. Just then a bear, leaning over the top of a mosque, nearly clawed our sail. An elephant, about to spring from a Swiss chalet on to a battleship's deck, took no notice at all; but a hyena, pulling a lion's teeth, laughed so much that he fell into the sea. All the strange, fantastic shapes rose and fell in stately cadence, with a rustling, whispering sound and hollow echoes to the thudding seas, clear green at the water-line, shading to a deep, dark blue far below, all snowy purity and cool blue shadows above.

An hour's run brought us to the gap, now strewn with lumps and fragments of ice. Turning north we sailed a little way through, but the clouts from the ice becoming too heavy, we lowered the sails and pulled—uncomfortable work in a cramped position on top of our jury-rigged deck covering.

To our great relief we cleared the stream just before dark and set sail, Elephant Island a pale shadow astern. We passed a few more lumps till 10 p.m., after which we saw not a single piece of ice until we reached South Georgia. This was a pleasant surprise. We were well content to be finished with our stubborn white foe. We did not know that later we were to long for a lump to assuage our thirst.

As we cleared the stream, the wind shifted to the SE, our starboard quarter. Sir Ernest wisely wanted me to make due north to avoid the ice and get less frigid weather.

He sent the others below to get some warmth and sleep in the reindeer-skin bags while we kept a sharp lookout for ice. I steered; he sat beside me. We snuggled close together for warmth, for by midnight the sea was rising, and every other wave that hit her came over, wetting us through and through. With the Southern Cross high overhead, we held her north by the stars that swept in glittering procession over the Atlantic towards the Pacific. While I steered, his arm thrown over my shoulder, we discussed plans and yarned in low tones. We smoked all night—he rolled cigarettes for us both, a job at which I was unhandy. I often recall with proud affection memories of those hours with a great soul.

We had been working hard all day since 6 a.m., but Shackleton was always wonderful at keeping awake for two or three days or even more if necessary. "We must get north, Skipper," he said. And then, "Do you think this sou'easter will hold for us to reach Cape Horn?" "No," I answered, "but we may reach the Falklands, though it is almost certain that the westerly gales and easterly currents will force us to South Georgia." Then, "Do you know I know nothing about boat sailing?" he said, and laughed.

This was where his courage shone most. For me, used to boat work and every kind of craft, this passage was an adventure, a too uncomfortable and dangerous one, but still an adventure. To him, who had drifted gradually from the sea and become mainly a land explorer, it must have been more menacing, perhaps even appalling. He could well have stayed on Elephant Island but, as he said, "Never for me the lowered banner, never the last endeavour."

At daylight Crean lit the Primus and we had breakfast. We thankfully spooned our hot "hoosh" [a lard-and-oatmeal mush] down with an occasional shudder as another sea broke "on deck," ran through the canvas and down our necks. After the hoosh we had a biscuit, four lumps of sugar, then a cigarette, made from plug tobacco, rolled in toilet paper.

The worst feature of meals was insufficient headroom to sit upright. One has no idea, before making the experiment, how uncomfortable, even distressing, this is. The chest is pressed down on the stomach; one swallows with difficulty, and the food appears to have no room to go down. To ease matters, one leant first on one elbow and then on the other, imagining one was a Roman emperor reclining luxuriously at an epicurean banquet.

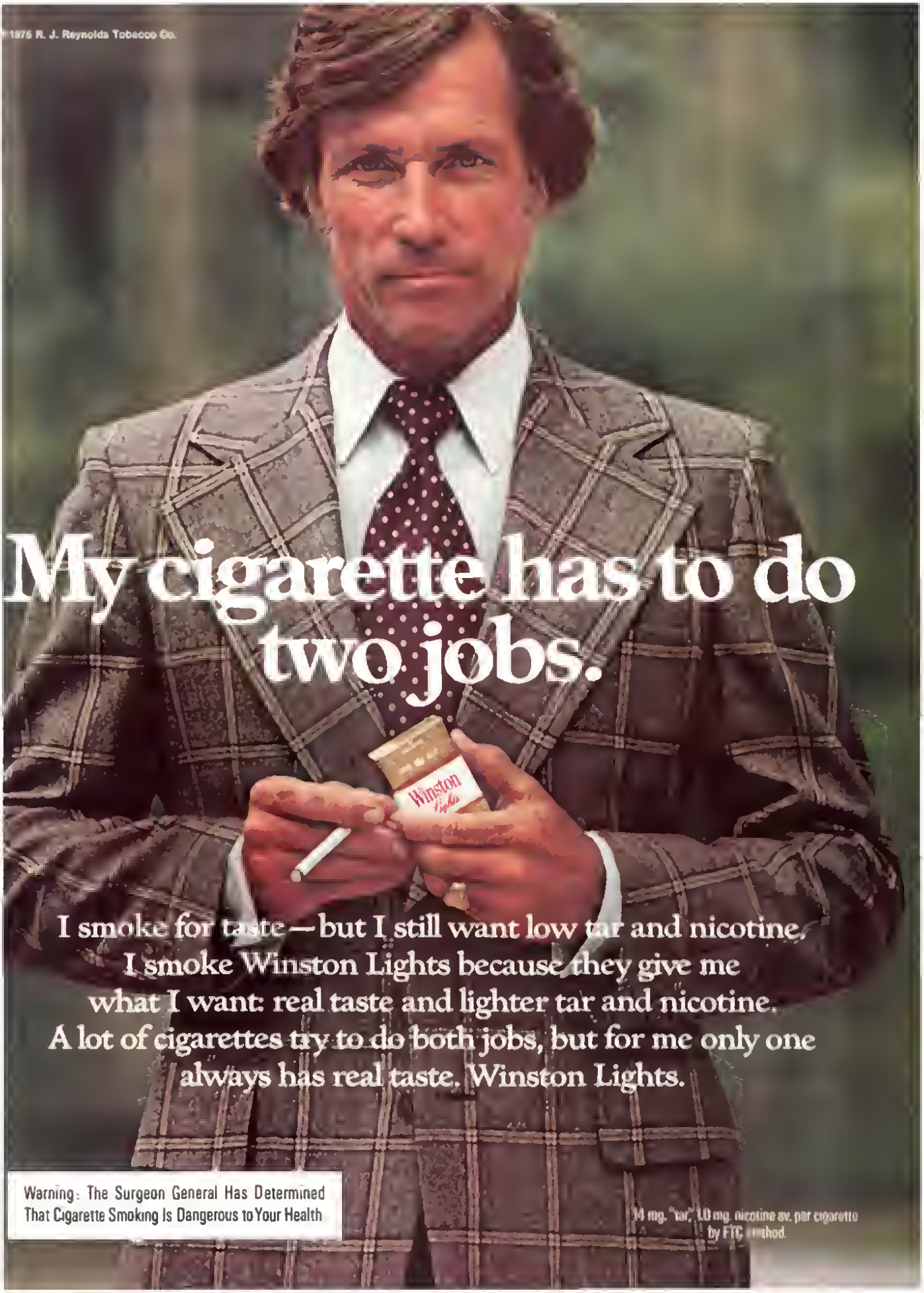
We went "watch and watch," three men keeping four hours at a time while the other three slept. Sir Ernest took one watch with Crean and McNeish, I the other with Macarty and Vincent.

There was no means of exercise, unless one counts crawling like an infant. We crept at the end of our watch straight into our sleeping bags, or rather those just vacated by the other watch. If we tried to get into our own they were sometimes frozen, so we laid them beneath us on the boxes in an attempt to soften the corners of the latter. The routine was: three men in bags deluding themselves that they were sleeping and three men "on deck"; one man steering for an hour, while the other two, when not pumping, bailing or handling sails, were sitting in our saloon (the biggest part of the boat, where we all had grub). All the time streams of water ran through the canvas, down necks and backs. Those on watch sat as still as possible because three minutes after a sea had wetted them, the heat of their bodies warmed the chill out of the clothes on which they were sitting, but if they moved a quarter of an inch one way or the other, they felt cold wet garments on their flanks and sides. Sitting very still for a while, life was worth living—one could almost purr! Then—slosh!—came another sea. "Fisherman's luck"—"wet stern and no fish."

At daybreak the second day out we had made 45 miles from Elephant Island but, the wind coming north, we stood west, so by noon we had made no more. The wind then hauled to WSW, and blew a gale with a great NW swell and high "cross sea." This is a sailor's term for two seas from different directions running through or across one another, the result of two gales. It found out our weak spots nicely. The *Caird* was tumbling about with a hard, jerky motion, and two or three bucketsful of each sea came icy-cold over us. Numerous penguins were swimming and leaping out of the water near the boat. They had been calling out during the night like lost souls.

continued

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I think all, except Macarty and myself, had been seasick. I certainly had felt squeamish. Now even the worst cases recovered. A bucket of icy water down the neck cheeks the fiercest vomiter. We gained further benefit from the task of *pumping* and *bailing* the boat. It made us forget what worms we were.

We had stowed all stores to the best possible advantage on the ballast. Our sleeping bags were laid in the bows on top of food boxes, whose sharp corners stuck into our bodies in inconvenient and painful fashion. It was a strange cabin, 7 feet long, 5 feet wide at one end, tapering to a point at the other. Barely room to sit up after crawling in through the narrow space between the ballast and stores below and the thwart above. What a crawl! It became a nightmare—the first part on hands and knees over sharp stones, nasty, knobbly stones and round stones over which you slipped off and on, the Southern Ocean meantime draining out of your clothes and finneskoe [tanned reindeer hide, fur outside] boots. Then came the passage. Crawling and wriggling on chest and stomach, you insinuated yourself between the ballast and the thwart. Halfway through, you paused for breath. You became exhausted and doubted if life was worth living, but then came a gentle nudge from the next man's head or shoulder against your after-end, and you again moved reluctantly forward. This crawl of Weary Willies going below and Tired Tims coming up was such an operation that Sir Ernest took charge of the queue and directed the order of march.

Fortunately, when gained, the bow space was penetrated only by the heaviest seas, so that the sleeping bags did not get thoroughly wet for two days, and then we could still generate a certain amount of warmth before the next extra heavy sea. Here we were lifted up and hurled down. With her bows and our bodies we whipped, swept, flailed and stamped on the seas. We leaped on the swells, danced on them, flew over them and dived into them. We wagged like a dog's tail, shook like a flag in a gale and switchbacked over hills and dales. We were sore all over.

Our ideas of size altered amusingly. We looked on our 22-foot boat as quite sizable—talked of going for'ard or aft, of the watch coming on deck or going below as though we were in a hundred-ton sailing craft. "Who's next wheel?" was frequently asked, the speaker forgetting for the moment that our craft was so small that we used yoke-lines to work our rudder.

Sir Ernest ran the routine, "whacked out" stores and arranged mealtimes. We had hot milk every four hours at night—he couldn't quite manage a hot bath or a dry bed! I navigated and set the course to be steered—a matter of guesswork at night. Crean cooked, that is he boiled the water and stirred in the ration of hoosh while we fished out gatherings of reindeer hairs that had got in from the sleeping bags. We all steered, reefed, furled or set sail and pumped in turns.

The third day it blew a hard WSW gale with snow squalls. Great torn cumulus and nimbus raced overhead. Heavy westerly seas rushing up on our port quarter swept constantly over the boat, pouring into the "cockpit" and coming through the canvas in little torrents, soaking everything. After this the only dry articles in the boat were matches and sugar in hermetically sealed tins.

Stormy, snowy weather. We laboured before the roaring grey-green seas that towered over us, topped with hissing white combers that—alas!—always caught us. Bruised and soaked, with never a long enough interval for our bodies to warm our streaming clothes, in zero weather we now fully gauged our misery and discomfort. It was "grin and bear it." Yet there was a great compensation: we were making good headway on our course.

We made, slightly aided by the current, 83 miles—128 from Elephant Island.

The fifth morning we had a light NW breeze, changing later to a strong westerly with overcast misty weather. High NW and westerly swells kept the *Caird* busy with her usual violent jerking. "Roll, bowl or pitch"—generally all three together. Sweeping seas came over us all day, and maintained our moisture.

In the afternoon the swell settled and lengthened out—the typical deep-sea swell of these latitudes. Offspring of the westerly gales, the great unceasing westerly swell of the Southern Ocean rolls almost unchecked around this end of the world in the Roaring Forties and the Stormy Fifties. The highest, broadest and longest swells in the world, they race on their encircling course until they reach their birthplace again, and so reinforcing themselves sweep forward in fierce and haughty majesty. Four hundred, a thousand yards, a mile apart in fine weather, silent and stately they pass along. Rising 40 or 50 feet and more from crest to hollow they rage in apparent disorder during heavy gales. Fast clippers, lofty ships and small craft are tossed on their foaming brows and stamped and battered by their ponderous feet while the biggest liners are playthings for these real Leviathans of the Deep. Smitten, pounded and smothered by them, many a good ship has foundered.



The prevailing westerly gales gave Sir Ernest no choice but to sail for South Georgia.

At times, rolling over their allotted

continued

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ocean bed, in places four miles deep, they meet a shallow of 30 to 100 fathoms. Their bases retarded by the bank, their crests sweep up in furious anger at this check until their front forms an almost perpendicular wall of green rushing water that smashes on a ship's deck, flattening steel bulwarks, snapping two-inch steel stanchions and crushing deckhouses and boats like eggshells. In a very heavy gale these blue-water hills move as fast as 25 statute miles an hour, but striking the banks, the madly leaping crests falling over and onward, probably attain a momentary speed of 50 miles or more. The impact of hundreds of tons of solid water at this speed can only fairly be imagined.

We had made only 18 miles ESE—a bad direction. We were six miles farther south than we were two days before. This was the result of the northerly gale and the current. A disappointing result.

Poor Vincent was in great pain and trouble with his legs and feet. It appeared he'd had rheumatism on Elephant Island. The constant wetting did not improve matters. Sir Ernest gave him something from the medicine chest—witch hazel, I think - to rub in. The cure, of course, would have been dry clothes, but they were beyond reach.

Quoting from my diary:

"Pumping and bailing boat every watch and at shorter intervals when the sea gets up. Crean is Primus expert and chef, but it takes three of us to steady the Primus and cooker against the boat's violent motion. The greatest trouble is the choking of the Primus by dirt and reindeer hair from the sleeping bags (now moulting from continual wet) and the confined space."

My unworthy hands held the aluminium cooker that was to receive the sacred hoosh, and my duty as scullion was swiftly, but reverently, to raise it on high whenever the boat gave a madder leap than usual, and so save the precious contents from spilling in the bilges or on the Primus flame. At the bidding of Crean, the High Priest of Cookery and Tender of the Sacred Flame, Macarty broke in the lumps of ice. When they had melted, Crean himself broke up and stirred in the ration - half a pound a man. All eyes, save the helmsman's, were glued on the cooker, hoosh-pots and spoons were ready. As soon as it boiled Crean shouted "Hoosh" and blew out the Primus. The pots shot forward, and we swallowed

it scalding hot, having gradually trained mouths, throats and stomachs to a pained acquiescence. So we felt the glorious heat going right through our chilled, numbed bodies, putting new life into us.

Sir Ernest saw that each man had as much as he wanted, and after this course generally served out a quarter of a pound of Streimer's Nutfood, a large biscuit and four lumps of sugar. It was his principle to fight the cold and constant soaking by ample hot food.

By this time we were exceedingly dirty, our faces nearly black from blubber and soot. Once, while holding the cooker and absorbed in watching Crean stirring, I saw him stop and stare into the hoosh. The next moment a filthy black paw shot out, seized a handful of reindeer hair from the hoosh, squeezed it out, so as to waste nothing, and then threw it away. We didn't mind a little dirt, but we drew the line at reindeer hair.

The sixth day it blew a WSW gale. Cloudy and misty. High lumpy sea. But we made a glorious run of 92 miles on a N 36° E course, a fine course, putting us well to the N and, we hoped, farther from cold weather. We had covered 238 miles since leaving Elephant Island, but not in a straight line. I got the sun, the position being 58° 38′ S latitude and 50° 0′ W longitude.

Sunday, the last day of April, it blew a heavy SW by S gale. The temperature, no less than the compass, told us the wind was more southerly. A heavy sea was making up, before which the boat ran badly, steering wildly and shipping heavy seas until noon, when we had to heave-to by paying out the sea-anchor on the end of the painter. After this she took very little water over. The run was 78 miles by dead reckoning.

After noon the gale and sea increased, with intense cold. We rolled the sails up, and stowed them below in the already confined space, to prevent them freezing and capsizing the boat with top-weight. The seas breaking on the boat froze and cased her heavily with ice, but we should have been worse off without the sea-anchor. To keep a boat afloat in very heavy weather two things are almost necessities—oil to mollify the seas and a sea-anchor to ride to. Of oil we had ample for one day's gale—we had 10 days' gales on this passage.

We drank our seal oil, black and odoriferous, as it was not worth keeping for

continued

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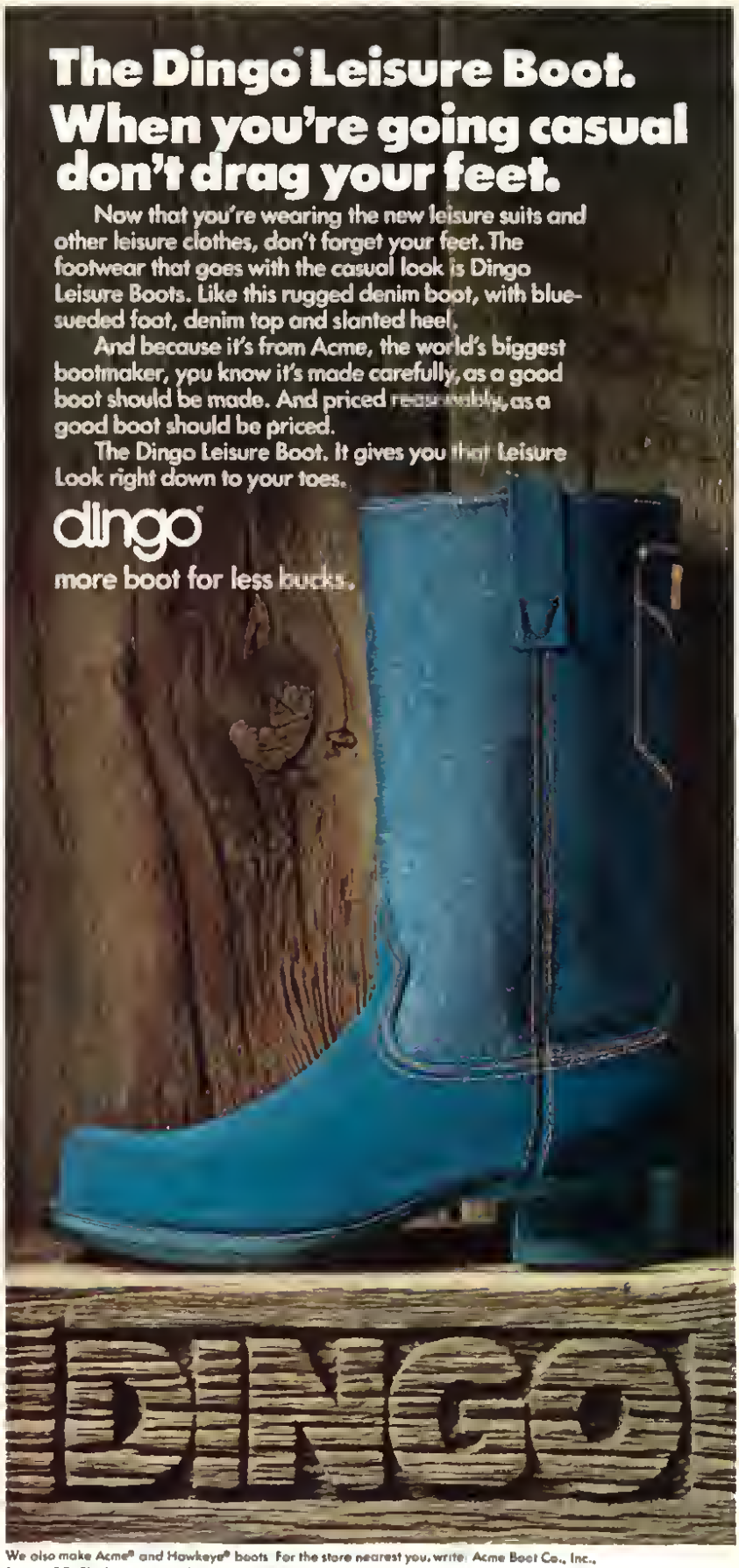
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one day of the gale and its calories were so valuable. A matter of latitude—what would have made us ill in the tropics was nectar here!

The ice increased on the boat till we had to excavate the four oars from a mound of it. They caught so much freezing water that we were forced to throw two overboard and lash the others one on each side, for a railing from the mainshrouds to the mizenmast, 18 inches above the "deck." They held very little ice then, and there was less danger of falling overboard. This was a serious sacrifice, but we could not get the other two oars below.

All night the breaking seas froze over her. This had one advantage, it stopped intermittent bucketsful pouring through the deck and down our necks, but pumping and bailing had still to be done at frequent intervals.

The eighth day the gale held steadily throughout from SSW, with a very heavy, lumpy sea. It was impossible to write—even a few remarks. These would have been illegible—and anyway unprintable—owing to the violent, jerky contortions of the *Caird*.

Sir Ernest had the Primus going day and night as long as we could stand the fumes, then it would be put out for an hour. This and a generous drink of life-giving hot milk every four hours kept all hands from any ill effects.

All gear was wet through. The sleeping bags had a nasty sour-bread kind of smell, and were on the point of fermenting. I believe, in fact, that a certain amount of fermentation had started, and so prevented us feeling the cold quite so much in our sleep, as we called it.

May Day. The ice on the boat got so thick and heavy that she was riding deep and had a tendency to capsize. Something had to be done, and quickly, so we took it in turns to crawl out with an axe and chop off the ice. What a job! The boat leaped and kicked like a mad mule, she was covered 15 inches deep in a casing of ice like a turtle-back, with slush all over where the last sea was freezing. First you chopped a handhold, then a kneehold and then chopped off ice hastily but carefully with an occasional sea washing over you. After four or five minutes—"fed-up" or frost-bitten—you slid back into shelter, and the next man took up the work. It was a case of "one hand for yourself, and one for the King," for if a man had gone overboard then, it



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would have been good-bye. Finally we got the bulk of it off, and were satisfied. All night the gale continued heavily.

The ninth day. In the afternoon a heavy sea struck the *Caird*. Almost immediately her bows fell off till the sea was abeam. The great cake of ice that had formed on the painter at the bows in such a position that we could not smash it off, had swung to and fro till it had sawed and chafed through the painter. So we lost both rope and sea-anchor, which seemed a double disaster to us.

We beat the ice off the jib, reefed and set it on the mainmast. By 11 a.m. the gale had eased enough for us to set the reefed lug and jib and run drunkenly before the wind and sea.

This fierce, cold gale had lasted at its height for 48 hours. During that period we had no fewer than three times—once practically in the dark—to crawl out on top of the boat to chop and scrape the ice off. We all agreed it was the worst job we had ever taken on in our lives.

I estimated that day's drift at 36 miles—66 miles to NE during the time we were hove-to. The boat's antics were almost as bad as before.

The reindeer bags were now so miserable to get into that we had serious doubts as to whether it was worthwhile. First you undressed—that is, you took off your boots and, throwing back the flap of the bag, thrust your legs in hurriedly. It felt like getting between frozen rawhide, which it was. You kicked your feet violently together for two minutes to warm them and the bag, then slid in to the waist. Again you kicked your feet and knocked your knees together and then like a little hero made a sudden brave plunge right inside. At first it felt like an icehouse, and then it began to thaw out and you wished it hadn't, it smelt so, and the moulting hairs got into eyes, mouth and nose. So, coughing, sneezing and spluttering, you kicked your feet valiantly together till there was enough warmth in them to allow you to sleep for perhaps an hour. When you awoke you kicked again till you fell asleep, and so on.

All that day and night we held on our erratic course before the gale. In steering a small boat before a heavy gale don't look back—it may disconcert you. Fix your eye on a cloud or breaking sea right ahead and keep her straight—if you can. When you hear a roaring bull of Bashan, with a wet nose, galloping up behind you, keep your shoulders hunched up to your ears till you get it, then yell "Pump and bailers."

A few scribbled remarks in my navigating book ran, "Bags and finneskoe moulting at a great rate. We are all suffering from superficially frost-bitten feet. Macarty is the most irrepressible optimist I've ever met. When I relieved him at the helm, boat iced over and seas pouring down our necks, he informed me with a cheerful grin, 'It's a foine day, sorr.' I had been feeling a bit sour before, but this shamed me."

Our footgear consisted of two pairs of Jaeger wool socks; home-made felt shoes, ankle-high, and, over all, finneskoe. When your feet got unbearably cold you took off your footgear and, rinsing your socks in the sea, wiped your feet, wrung out your socks and again wiped your feet before replacing your footgear. This was the wag's opportunity. While you were engaged with your socks he would prick your toe with a Primus pricker. Getting no response he would prick higher up foot and leg till the victim jumped, yelled or swore, according to temperament. This was not merely horseplay, it was an index as to how one's feet and legs were standing the passage.

This is an excerpt from "Shackleton's Boat Journey" by Commander F. A. Worsley, issued by the Folio Society, London.

At midnight Shackleton relieved me. The south-west gale had been steadily increasing with snow squalls for eight hours and there was a heavy cross-sea running. Just before he crawled out from under the canvas a sea struck me full in the face as I stood aft steering with the ice yoke line to keep the *Caird* out of the wind. The water was running out of me as he took the helm, and then another sea dashed over us. "Pretty juicy," he said, and we both forced a laugh. I crawled below and into my sodden sleeping bag. I fell asleep instantly, but soon after something awakened me. Then I heard Shackleton shout, "It's clearing, boys!" and immediately after, "For God's sake, hold on! It's got us!" The line of white along the southern horizon that he had taken for the sky clearing was, in fact, the foaming crest of an enormous sea. I was crawling out of my bag as the sea struck us. There was a roaring of water around and above us—it was almost as though we had foundered. We other five men seized any receptacle we could find and pushed, scooped and bailed the water out for dear life. While Shackleton held her up to the wind, we worked like madmen, but for five minutes it was uncertain whether we would succeed or not.

We could not keep that pace up. Gradually we eased off as we realized that we had saved our lives. It took us nearly an hour to get rid of the water and restore the boat to her normal state of having only a few gallons washing about the bilges. The wave that had struck us was so sudden and enormous that I have since come to the conclusion that it may have been caused by the capsizing of some great iceberg unseen and unheard by us in the darkness and the gale.

The 10th day—444 miles since leaving Elephant Island. We had done more than half the distance, and had a happy feeling of certainty that we should succeed in our adventure.

After noon the wind hauled to SSE and fell light. The weather became bright and clear with a few passing clouds and splendid warming spells of sunshine that we revelled in. It was the first good day of the passage. We turned the sleeping bags inside out, hanging them and our clothing on masts and halyards, and were able to alter their condition from wet to damp—a pleasant change. We were a ragged crew of cut-throat appearance. We didn't care. We were happy.

Our 11th day was splendid—a day's grace. Moderate SE breezes. Blue sky and passing clouds. The sea was moderate, and the great long westerly swell went shouldering lazily across us.

The 12th day a SE breeze blew strong on the starboard beam. It was clear weather but overcast and squally with a lumpy sea and SW swell. We shipped seas. Everything was wet through again.

That day was the *James Caird's* best 24 hours' run; N 50° E 96 miles, but being by dead reckoning it may have been a little less or more. Willis Island, at the west end of South Georgia, bore N 80° E 155 miles. It sounded quite close to us. Our position was 54° 30'S, 42° 36'W.

The 13th day was overcast, with a N by W gale and a heavy, lumpy sea that increased so much after noon that we were forced to heave to with the reefed jib on the mainmast.

Our hands had become awful objects to look upon. Crean's and mine, in addition to being almost black with grime, were ornamented with recent frost-bites, also burns from the Primus. Each suc-

continued

cessive frost-bite on a finger was marked by a ring where the skin had peeled up to, so that we could count our frost-bites by the rings, after the method of a woodman telling the age of a tree.

From the day after leaving Elephant Island we had been accompanied at intervals by albatross, the stateliest bird in flight in the world, and mollymauks, a small species of albatross. Never seeming to rest, week after week the albatross follows the sailing ship; day after day he followed our boat. His poetic motion fascinated us; the ease with which he swept the miles aside filled us with envy. He could, with a SW gale, have made our whole journey in 10 hours.

The 14th day. After being hove-to for 12 hours we again carried on for the land. It was blowing a moderate NNW gale with a high northerly sea. Clear till dawn, it then clouded over with fogbanks.

Making the land, it was most important to get "sights" for position, but the conditions for observing the sun were most unfavourable. It was misty, the boat was jumping like a flea, shipping seas fore and aft. I told Sir Ernest that I could not be sure of our position to 10 miles so he would not agree to my trying to weather the NW end of South Georgia for fear of missing it. We then steered more easterly to make a landfall on the west coast.

In some respects our condition had become worse. The last two days we had only brackish water from the stove-in breaker to drink. This seemed to add to our thirst. We dipped it through the bung-hole with the tube provided for the purpose, and strained it with a piece of medicated gauze to free it of dirt and reindeer hair. One gill a man a day was all that could be spared.

I think the others all suffered badly from thirst; for some reason it did not trouble me so much, though I would have liked a few hot toddies or a jug of cocoa. The situation had grown critical. When short of water, keeping men wet with seawater compensates to a large extent. This, I think, applies to a normal or hot climate, where, the pores being open, the skin can "drink." We were wet all the time, but it did not appear to reduce our thirst, probably because the cold closed our pores.

Just before dark, 80 miles offshore, we saw a piece of kelp. We joyfully hailed it as a sign of nearness to the land.

All night we steered ENE, with a strong NNW breeze. The seas came fast and merrily over us as usual, but we had a happy feeling that our worst troubles were over. We were nearly there.

At dawn on the 15th day, May 8, we saw some pieces of seaweed. Cape pigeons, albatross and mollymauks grew numerous. Cross-swells, and a heavy, lumpy sea, made us wetter than usual, but a subdued joy and a species of quiet excitement held us, for we were making the land, and even hoped by dark to be on good solid earth once more with beautiful clean water gurgling down our parched throats. We talked of how soon we should be at the whaling stations with clean, dry clothes and beds to sleep in. Poor fools! We didn't know.

Fifteen miles offshore we saw the first shag [cormorant]. The sight of these birds is a guarantee that you are within 15 miles of the land, as they rarely venture farther out.

By noon the fog had cleared, but heavy, ragged low clouds were driving hard across from WNW, and still we had not sighted land.

Misty squalls at times obscured the view. Several patches of kelp were seen; and then, half an hour past noon, Macarty raised the cheerful cry, "Land Oh!" There, through a rift in the flying scud, our salt-blurred eyes saw a towering black crag with a lacework of snow around its flanks. One glimpse, and it was hidden again. We looked at each other with cheerful, foolish grins. The thoughts uppermost were: "We've done it. We'll get a drink tonight. In a week we'll get them off Elephant Island."

The land, Cape Demidov, the northern headland of King Haakon Sound, was 10 miles distant when sighted. Wonderful to say, the landfall was quite correct, though we were a little astern through imperfect rating of my chronometer at Elephant Island.

We had been exactly 14 days on the passage from land to land.

An hour later the coast was visible to port and starboard. A desolate coast, but that did not trouble us much. By 3 p.m. we could see small patches of green and areas of yellow-brown tussock showing through the snow.

Sir Ernest considered it too dangerous to stand on when I told him King Haakon Sound was right ahead and Wilson Harbour to the north. The former lies open to the west, and it would have been madness to land in the dark with a heavy sea on a beach we had never seen. After a fierce, stormy-looking sunset the wind hauled to WNW and blew a hard gale with rain, snow, sleet and hail to give a bitter edge to our disappointment.

The heavy westerly swell increased. All night the *Caird* fell about in a very dangerous sea. At daybreak on May 9 we were wallowing in a terribly heavy cross-sea with a mountainous westerly swell setting us in on the coast before the gale. We knew the current was aiding the wind and sea in forcing us towards destruction. All day we were stormed at in turns by rain, hail, sleet and snow, and half the time our view was obscured by squalls that whipped the sea into yeasty foam.

By noon the gale had risen to hurricane force, hauled to SW, and was driving us, harder than ever, straight for that iron-bound coast. We thought but did not say those words so fateful to the seaman—a lee shore.

Each time we were lifted high on a towering swell we anxiously searched the horizon to leeward for the break of an unknown reef or the dreaded coast. "Sea room, sea room or a change of wind," was our mental prayer.

We remained hove-to till 2 p.m., when through a sudden rift in the storm-driven clouds we saw two high, jagged crags and a line of precipitous cliffs and glacier fronts on our lee quarter. We were literally being blown onshore in the most dangerous and unknown part of the coast, the stretch between King Haakon Sound and Annenkov Island.

As we drove inshore it seemed that only three or four of the giant deep-sea swells separated us from the cliffs of destruction, the coast of death. If we could have appreciated it, a magnificent, awe-inspiring scene lay before us. The sky all torn, flying scud; the sea to wind'ard like surf on a shallow coast—one great roaring line of breaking seas behind another till lost in spume and spindrift.

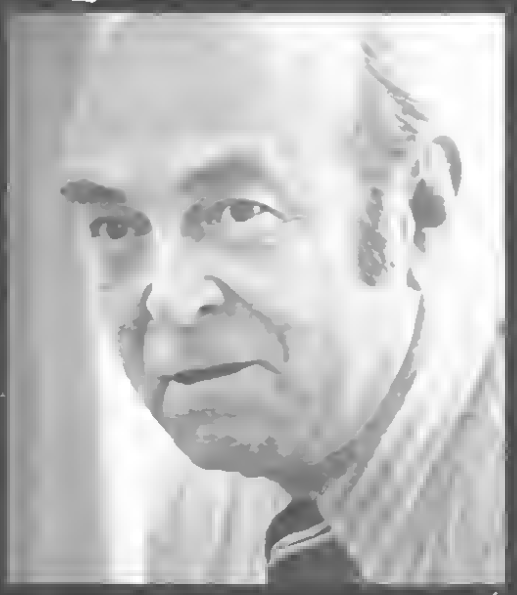
On each sea the boat swept upward till she heeled before the droning fury of the hurricane, then fell staggering into the hollow, almost becalmed. Each sea, as it swept us closer in, galloped madly for the opposing cliffs, glaciers and rocky points. It seemed but a few moments till it was thundering on the coast beneath icy uplands and cloud-piercing crags.

It was the most awe-inspiring and dangerous position any of us had ever been in. It looked as though we were doomed, past the skill of man to save.

With infinite difficulty and danger of

continued

"No time. Let's handle it with a Long Distance call."



SOMETIMES LETTERS JUST DON'T DO IT.

being washed overboard we got the reefed jib off the main, set it for'ard, set reefed lug and mizen and, with these large handkerchiefs, endeavoured to claw offshore, praying to Heaven that the mast would stand it.

She gathered way, then—crash!—she struck an onrushing sea that swept her fore-and-aft even to the mastheads. While all bailed and pumped for dear life, she seemed to stop, then again charged a galloping wall of water—slam!—like striking a stone wall with such force that the how planks opened and lines of water spurted in from every seam as she halted, trembling, and then leaped forward again. The strains, shocks and blows were tremendous, threatening every minute to start her planking, while the bow seams opened and closed on every sea. Good boat! But how she stood it was a miracle of God's mercy.

While one steered, three worked the pump, one bailed with the two-gallon hoosh-pot and the sixth stood by to relieve one of the others. Half the time he assisted with the small hailer and, when opportunity offered, passed out a small lump of hoosh or some sea-damped lumps of sugar. Every hour we changed round to reduce fatigue.

As we looked at that hellish rock-bound coast with its roaring breakers we wondered, impersonally, at which spot our end was to come. At intervals we lied, saying, "I think she'll clear it." For three hours, our thirst almost forgotten, we looked death square in the eye. It was not so much terrifying as chilling, especially in conjunction with the ceaseless rush of breaking seas over us. Now the land parallel to our course, and on to which we were being driven, receded slightly to the eastward, giving us a little more sea room. Then just as it seemed we might draw clear, a new danger threatened. The mountain peak of Annenkov Island loomed menacingly close on the lee bow.

Darkness settled on six men driving a boat slamming at the seas and steadily bailing death overboard. The pale snow-capped peak gleamed spectrally aloft, resting on black shades of cliffs and rocks, fringed by a roaring line of foaming breakers—white horses of the hurricane, whose pounding hooves we felt, in imagination, smashing our frail craft.

Foot by foot we staggered and lurched drunkenly past the black fangs of the rocky point. The moments became so tense that we feared even to speak—just held our breath or bailed harder.

By 9 p.m. we knew we were safe. High, almost overhead it seemed, the great peak loomed mysteriously through the darkness. Right abeam, long pale fingers from the surf reached back, threatening but impotent—no longer did we fear them. Every minute the clamorous roar on the rocky point became more faint with distance on the lee quarter.

Strangely, as soon as the worst danger was passed, the hurricane decreased rapidly. For nine hours we had fought at its height a hurricane so fierce that, as we heard later, a 500-ton steamer had foundered in it with all hands while we, by the grace of God, had pulled through in a 22-foot boat.

After the boat was freed of water the watch could handle her and keep her afloat. At midnight three men crawled below for three and a half hours' sleep. The other three got their sleep in the morning watch before sunrise. Now we had time to realize how bad our thirst was. The water finished, our mouths and tongues were so dry and swollen that we could chew only a few morsels of food.

At daybreak the *Curd* was doing her best to get us to a drink and the shelter of the nearest good bay to the north before another gale came on. The wind backed to NW and was falling, so we had to make for King Haakon Sound, the entrance to which lay nine miles ahead.

The sun shone at intervals on the snow-clad land, and the indigo-blue majestic rollers that topped up on the shoals spouted white beacon warnings on the reefs.

Quoting from my navigation book: "All very thirsty and badly in need of sleep. Some of our people, in fact, seem just about played out. Macarty, Vincent, Crean and I take turns at the two oars, sitting up on the deck trying to pull into the bay."

Breakfast was a sorry jest. We chewed, and with difficulty swallowed, a lump of hoosh the size of a hen's egg. By noon the wind had shifted to east and blew strong in our teeth right out of the Sound. At the same time the tide was setting us to the south'ard. We lowered the sails. Crean and I pulled with the oars, relieved at short intervals by Vincent and Macarty. The wind was too strong for us, and finding we were unpleasantly close to the breakers, we again set jib, mainsail and thrice-accursed mizen, and so beat up against the wind.

We could make no pretence of eating a midday meal. We just longed for water. For four hours we tacked, tacked, tacked till we were sick of it. Although our boat was over-ballasted, she made little or no gain to wind'ard. We again got out the oars. Now, by dint of hard work, we gradually drew nearer to the strange, block-shaped rocks and islets that stretched like a boom defense across two-thirds of the entrance. We noted that at the head of the Sound was a comparatively low, easy slope, or saddle, leading to the interior. We speculated we could win our way by this on foot across South Georgia.

Still no floating ice to ease our thirst. The wind blew stronger. It looked as though we might, in the darkness, once more get driven out to sea.

Late in the afternoon we got up to patches and lines of kelp extending from the chain of rocky islets. Had it come to the worst we could have moored the boat to the kelp for the night by seizing strand after strand of the long, leathery, slippery plants and, laying them together, forming a fine resilient cable.

Evening drew on, and it was evident that without a change of wind we could not get our overburdened boat into the Sound and land that night. Then, through the gathering gloom, we saw to the south what looked like a cove with a possible landing behind a headland which broke the heaviest of the Southern Ocean swells.

We weathered its entrance, then turned and ran before the wind for 300 yards, closely searching the rocky shores for a possible landing. There was one. We were then abreast of the entrance to the cove and, putting out the oars to steady her, we hauled to the wind on the port tack and passed between the rocks that stood off both headlands, leaving such a narrow passage that our oars fouled the kelp on both sides.

We then lowered the sail and pulled about 60 yards, between cliffs rising 80 feet that flanked the tiny cove, until we came to the boulder beach at the head. It was now dark. **END**

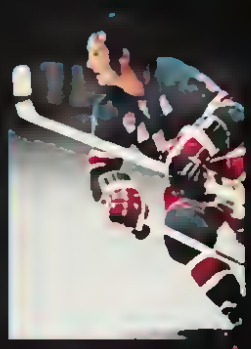
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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week March 3-9

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: When Portland won its sixth straight, an 88–82 decision over Chicago, the Midwest leader, it was a case of the Trail Blazers playing the Bulls' game—defense. In one seven-game stretch Chicago limited the opposition to an average of 82 points, an accomplishment the Bulls' coach, Dick Motta, called equal to a 3:50 mile. The Central-leading Washington Bullets continued their heady pace with a 3-0 record in which Kevin Porter pulled the trigger for 21 and 22 assists against Los Angeles (0-4) and Atlanta (3-1). Houston (*page 22*) dealt Phoenix two losses and kept third-place Cleveland (0-2) 1½ to the rear with a 93–86 win. Seattle had a 500 week, but it was still sweet as Bill Russell's club beat Atlantic-leading Boston 104–97 and snapped Kansas City-Omaha's four-game win streak. Bill Bradley equaled his season's high with 32 points in a 118–100 win against Detroit to end New York's three-game losing streak. Bob McAdoo hit 33 points in Buffalo's 110–95 win over Milwaukee and continued to lead the league in scoring. Rick Barry was still chasing McAdoo for the point title as Golden State (1-3) maintained its six-game lead in the Pacific. New Orleans beat the Warriors and the Lakers.

ABA: Indiana, the only team to win three league titles in the eight-year history of the ABA, beat Utah for its 10th victory in the last 12 games. Third in the West, the Pacers had a 3-1 week, but division leader Denver notched five more wins for a 16-game lead over Indiana. The Nuggets kept San Antonio off their backs, too, beating the second-place Spurs 100–95 on Friday and 156–144 in overtime on Saturday. Defending champ New York held half a game lead over Kentucky in the East, but fell to the Colonels 96-80. The Nets continued their mastery of the Spirits, defeating St. Louis twice to make it 10 straight this season. Virginia (0-3) hfted St. Louis' spirits, losing 114-111. Memphis dropped all three of its games, while San Diego had a .500 week.

BOWLING—DICK RITGER of Hartford, Wis. defeated Earl Anthony 247–223 in the finals of Miami's Don Carter Classic to earn $7,500. It was Ritger's 17th career win, placing him third on the PBA's all-time champion list.

CURLING—The state of WASHINGTON team of Ed Risling, Dave Tellvik, Chuck Lundgren and Gary Schnee won the 19th annual U.S. men's championship by defeating New York 15–5, at Detroit.

FIGURE SKATING—Dutch Champion DIANNE de LEEUW, who has dual Dutch-American citizenship, captured the women's gold medal at the world championships at Colorado Springs, Colo. SERGEI VOLKOV of the U.S.S.R. won the men's individual title.

GOLF—LEE TREVINO took the top prize of $40,000 by winning the Citrus Open title by one stroke with a one-under-par 71 and a 276 total, at Orlando, Fla.

HOCKEY—NHL: Guy Lafleur returned to the Montreal lineup after missing 10 games with a broken finger and led the Norris leader to an 8–4 victory over Washington, which also lost to Vancouver and Boston. Buffalo held an 11-point lead over the Bruins with a victory over the New York Rangers and a tie with the St. Louis Blues. Patrick pacesetter Philadelphia bombed Minnesota 9–2 and tied the Blues. The New York Islanders had two ties and a win over the Canucks. Atlanta blanked Kansas City 4-0. The Scouts also fell to Los Angeles and Detroit and tied Pittsburgh. Smythe leader Chicago (2-2) beat California before the Black Hawks lost a game to Vancouver (*page 24*), then defeated Los Angeles 6–1 the next night. Toronto beat Detroit twice and Minnesota once in a 3-0 week as the Maple Leafs remained undefeated in six games.

WHA: San Diego, no threat for a division title, scored the week's most spectacular wins by knocking off Canadian leader Quebec (8–2) and West honcho Houston (7–4). The Mariners also beat and tied the Winnipeg Jets. Minnesota continued its home mastery over East leader New England, handing the Whalers a ninth straight loss (5–3) over a three-year span. The Fighting Saints got past Toronto, too, while Phoenix blanked Chicago 5–0 for one of its three victories. Vancouver had a 6–0 shutout against Edmonton, only to have the Oilers return the favor with a 4–0 zipping of the Blazers. Baltimore (1-3) was the week's big loser as usual, falling to Indianapolis, among others. The Racers lost to Cleveland 6–5, among others.

MOTOR SPORTS—A. J. FOYT earned $90,112 for winning the California 500, averaging 154.344 mph in his Gilmore-Coyote, at Ontario, Calif. (*page 62*).

TENNIS—MARTINA NAVRATILOVA won $15,000 by defeating Evonne Goolagong 6–2, 4–6, 6–3 in the $75,000 Virginia Slims of Boston tournament.

Rod Laver defeated Arthur Ashe 6–2, 7–6 to give AUSTRALIA its fourth straight World Cup victory over the U.S., in Hartford, Conn. (*page 20*)

TRACK & FIELD—In the fourth U.S.A.-U.S.S.R. meet in Richmond, Va., FRANCIE LARRIEU set a women's world record for the 1,500 meters (4:09.8) en route to a world mark in the mile (4:28.5), JONI HUNTLEY bettered her own American indoor high-jump record with a leap of 6 2½", GLENN HEROLD set a meet record in the men's three-mile (13:11). Other meet records were equaled in the men's and women's 60-yard dashes by high-schoolers HOUSTON McTEAR (6.0) and ANGEL DOYLE (6.6). RICH WOHLHUTER won the 880 (1:49.4) and DWIGHT STONES took the high jump (7'3"). Russians VLADIMIR GOLUBNICHI set a world record in the three-mile walk (19:46.2), and IRINA BONDARCHUK ran a meet-record 10:02.6 in the women's two-mile. The U.S. men outscored the Russian men 98–62, while the U.S. women outpointed the Russian women 73–44.

At the European indoor championships in Katowice, Poland, Annelie Ehrhardt of East Germany lost her first race in four years, finishing second to GRAZYNA RABSZTYN of Poland in the 60-meter hurdles. Rabsztyn's time was 8.04.

MILEPOSTS—FORMED: A Presidential Commission on Olympic Sports to examine amateur athletics in the U.S. Two senators, two congressmen (one of whom is former Buffalo Bill Quarterback Jack Kemp), along with ex-Olympians Rafer Johnson, Bill Toomey, Willye White, Mickey King and retired Oklahoma football Coach Bud Wilkinson have been named to the 18-member panel.

NAMED: To the World Golf Hall of Fame, Americans WILLIE ANDERSON, winner of the U.S. Open in 1901, 1903-05; CHICK EVANS, winner of the U.S. Open and U.S. Amateur in 1916 and 1920, GLENNA COLLETT VARE, winner of an unequaled six women's titles in 1922, 1925, 1928-30, 1935, Britons TOM MORRIS JR., winner of the British Open in 1868-70, 1872, J.H. TAYLOR, one of the founders of the British PGA and winner of the British Open in 1893-94, 1900, 1909, 1913, JOYCE WETHERED, winner of nine of the 11 championship tournaments she entered, including the British Ladies Open in 1922, 1924-25, 1929, and the British Ladies Amateur in 1920-24.

RESIGNED: HOWIE DALLMAR, as head basketball coach at Stanford, after 21 years. The Cardinals ended the season at 12-14, to bring Dallmar's career record to an even 264-264.

SWITCHED: GERRY DESJAROINS, from the WHA's Baltimore Blades to the NHL's Buffalo Sabres. Before this season the 30-year-old goaltender had jumped from the NHL's New York Islanders to the then Michigan Stags of the WHA.

DIED: JACQUE MacKINNON, 36, a tight end for 11 seasons in the NFL and WFL, from injuries suffered when he fell off a wall after reportedly leaving the scene of a minor traffic accident, in San Diego.

DIED: GLENN HARDIN, 64, winner of a gold medal in the 400 meter hurdles at the 1936 Olympics and a silver medal in the same event in 1932, of a heart attack, in Baton Rouge, La.

CREDITS

16, 17—James Drake, Manny Millan. **18, 19**—Manny Millan, James Drake. **20, 21**—Co Rentmeester. **22, 23**—John Iacono. **40, 41**—Tony Triolo. **47**—Tony Triolo. **50**—Lane Stewart. **56**—Walter Ioos Jr., **70**—map by William Bernstein. **83**—Mike Gonderl, Dick Dorsey, The Washington Post.

FACES IN THE CROWD



GREG JOY, a University of Texas at El Paso freshman from Vancouver, British Columbia, flopped 7'4" at the Western Athletic Conference indoor championships in Albuquerque, the best indoor high jump ever by a collegian. Joy's previous best was 7'2½".



TOM SCOTTON, a Bucknell freshman from Trevose, Pa., completed his first collegiate wrestling season with a 14-0 record in the 118-pound class. Scotton was the team's top scorer, earning 73 points by virtue of three pins, three forfeits and 10 decisions.



PHIL MAHRE of White Pass, Wash. won the giant slalom title at the U.S. National Alpine Ski championships in Mission Ridge, Wash. It was his first competition in 15 months because of a twice-broken right leg. Mahre was second to his twin Steve in the slalom.



STEVE CASTELLAN, a 6'9" senior at St. Anselm's Abbey School in Washington, D.C., scored 54.1% of his basketball team's points this season, averaging 38.5 points, 25 rebounds and 10 blocked shots a game. He led St. Anselm's to a 20-1 record.



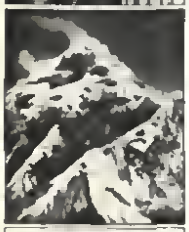
JULIA SHIVNER, a senior guard on the Springboro (Ohio) High girls' basketball team, averaged 35.5 points, 7.2 steals and 4.9 assists in 11 games this season. In three previous seasons she averaged 28.5, 25.4 and 31.3 points. Her game high this year was 45.



HAL FISHMAN, 36, a Los Angeles television newscaster, flew a twin-engine Aerostar from Santa Monica to Sacramento and back at an average speed of 305 mph to set an international aviation record. Fishman now holds eight speed and altitude marks.



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19TH HOLE
THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

CHANGING TIMES

Sir:

Thanks to Ron Fimrite for his article on spring training (*The Roots of Spring*, March 3). However, baseball is not just for older people who remember its heyday, or for youngsters who are fascinated by its superstars. The game is also for people like me (age 26) who believe that the most important thing your article said was, "Baseball is not so much catching up with the times as the times are slowing to meet it." Don't you think society could learn a great deal from the easy, deliberate pace of baseball? I certainly do.

HAROLD SURRATT

Thomasville, N.C.

Sir.

How pleasant to see baseball again on the cover of SI. I can't wait to get back to the game that is "too slow" for the times.

AL HOFF

Osseo, Wis.

INDOOR ACTION

Sir:

The March 3 article on indoor soccer (*The Sport That Came In from the Cold*) was another hit. Tex Maule provides an in-depth look at the game, relating that it has the excitement of hockey but not the complex strategy of football. I hope the article opened the eyes of many sports fans so that indoor soccer will become a hit in the U.S.

DAVID SELIG

Boston

Sir:

To a purist indoor soccer is no abomination. Brazilian-invented *futebol de salão* differs from the U.S. indoor version only in that the ball, which is heavy and has very little bounce, is out of play once it crosses the boundary lines. It is played on any court, indoors or out, and is tremendously popular in schools and in the farm system of the big pro clubs. Some of the Brazilian stars of the past decade, including Tostão and Roberto Rivelino, started out on *futebol de salão*.

As for using the boards, it is commonly done in pick-up or sandlot games in Brazil. When my childhood gang held its tournaments, we played high-scoring games on a cement patio, using a cathedral wall to bounce the ball off.

GUILHERME N. CESARINO

Fort Collins, Colo.

EXPANDING HOCKEY

Sir:

When you are talking about college hockey (*Sun Child in the Icy Nets*, March 3), we would appreciate a little ink about the defending NCAA and current WCHA champions, the University of Minnesota Gophers. And all these Gophers, as you pointed out last year, hail from this hockey-mad state.

JOHN HALLBERG
KENT ANDERSON

St. Paul

Sir:

Mark Mulvoy's article is an outstanding account of a great college goaltender, Michigan Tech's Jim Warden. It shows that college hockey has come into its own, drawing players from all over the U.S., not just Canada, Minnesota and New England. More and more colleges across the country are taking up hockey as a varsity sport. Just think, in a few years UCLA may have an All-America goaltender.

DAVE ADAMS

Sandwich, Mass.

HERE'S PRO TRACK!

Sir:

Being a former member of the sports television world, I was very pleased to read of the growth of professional track at the box office and on TV, but I feel compelled to clarify Mike O'Hara's statement that the International Track Association's NBC Saturday late-night telecast "ended up with more viewers than the Johnny Carson show usually has." Mr. O'Hara is referring to the weekend *Tonight Show* repeats, which average about a 5 rating, whereas the original Monday-to-Friday *Tonight Show* averages approximately a 10 rating. The ITA telecast had a 6.2 rating.

Best of luck and continued growth to the ITA, which will be seen again on NBC Saturday, March 22 at 11:30 p.m. And long live Johnny Carson, the king of late-night TV!

DICK EBERSOL
Director, Late Night Programming
NBC Television Network

New York City

TUNING IN ON MEL

Sir:

Permit me to compliment you and William Leggett on the excellent TV/Radio piece *A Voice from the Past* (March 3). Nobody has made a more significant contribution to sports broadcasting than Mel Allen.

continued

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SI-1

Yesterday

by GEORGE GIPE

TRUSSED LIKE A TURKEY, THE PROFESSOR SWAM FOR PALTRY PRIZE AND FLEET FAME

The Evel Knievels of this world seem to surfaee at regular intervals, regardless of the prevailing levels of technology and sophistication. All that is needed are a hardy, enterprising spirit and a genial press eager to report deeds of derring-do. Sometimes daredevils allege scientific or altruistic motives for their stunts—to determine the maximum altitude or depth at which man can survive or to test a new safety device—but just as often the feat has no practical value other than lining a few pockets.

Into the second category fall the aquatic accomplishments of "Professor" Marquis Bibbero, at least until a significant portion of the human race takes up swimming with its arms and legs bound. Then Bibbero undoubtedly will be hailed as the person who first proved it could be done.

His brief period of fame came during the spring and summer of 1882, following a discussion between Richard K. Fox, publisher of the *National Police Gazette*, and a Mr. Washington La Brie about whether a swimmer could negotiate New York's East River with his feet bound at the ankles and his arms tied behind his back. Fox wagered $250 that Bibbero, one of the strongest swimmers of the day, could perform the feat if he were given three tries.

Bibbero's first attempt on Wednesday, May 31, 1882 began in the saloon of William McCoy near the Fulton Ferry dock at South Street. While others drank champagne, Bibbero prepared himself for the swim by smearing his body with a mixture of porpoise oil and lard. "He explained that this delightful mixture would enable his body to retain its heat and prevent the sharks from biting him," wrote *The New York Times*.

Just before one o'clock, Bibbero hopped aboard a small boat with Fox, several well-known sporting gentlemen of the time and a fellow daredevil named Robert Donaldson, who would follow him at a close distance. (Donaldson's specialty was jumping from high places and he had his eye on the Brooklyn Bridge.) As the boat pushed away from the pier, a cry of encouragement went up from the crowded docks and riggings of nearby vessels that were thick with spectators. When Bibbero "divested himself of his coat and pantaloons" a moment later, it could be seen that he was dressed in colorful tights and that his hands were bound with cords.

Once in the water, Bibbero began to propel himself, as one reporter described it, "like a porpoise, with his knees." Making good headway despite his handicap, he soon had reached the middle of the river, where a strong current began sweeping him quickly southward toward Governor's Island. As he neared the Battery after being in the water nearly an hour, Bibbero gave up and signaled for help. Donaldson promptly leaped into the river and cut the professor's bonds. Phase One of the operation was a failure, except when it came to attracting spectators. "During the time he was in the water, the crowds on both sides of the river continued to increase, but few seemed to know, however, that a man-fish was swimming for a wager. It was generally supposed that a convict had escaped from Blackwell's Island," the *Times* reported.

Three weeks later Bibbero was at it again, this time in a rainstorm. Despite the weather, he was dressed to kill, emerging from McCoy's in a pair of alligator shoes and an overcoat that hid a tightly knit shirt and a pair of blue trunks. Accompanied by Patsy Owens, who was described as the ichthyologist and shark catcher of Peck Slip, and Donaldson, Bibbero reversed his previous procedure by swimming from Brooklyn toward New York. After smearing himself, this time with goose grease and turpentine, and after being transported by a small boat to Brooklyn, he leaped overboard and slithered toward his objective, his feet moving, according to New York's the *Sun*, with the "motions of a dog-fish's tail."

"The tide was going out with a fury that might have appalled any ordinary swimmer, and those who saw Bibbero when he appeared several yards ahead of the rowboat freely expressed the opinion that he was indeed a bold man," added the *Times*. "He wriggled like an eel and shot ahead with astonishing rapidity."

But for the second time, Bibbero fell victim to the tide, and he again signaled to Donaldson. Afterward Bibbero said that while sitting in his tights in the boat before entering the water, he had become chilled and thus lost much of his strength.

For his third and final attempt to prove his mettle and win some money for Fox, Bibbero waited until July 3, as public interest rose ever higher. The weather on that occasion was less a factor than before, but the clear skies brought a new threat—river traffic. After a dramatic dive into the water on the Brooklyn side, Bibbero was under way. "He disappeared for a moment and then rose to the surface and puffed from his mouth a stream of water such as a young whale might eject upon coming to the surface," the *Times* reported.

A quarter hour later, as Bibbero's powerful thrusts brought him abreast of the Roosevelt Street pier in New York, the hazard of ferryboat traffic suddenly became apparent. "Passing steamers churned up the water and sent waves over Bibbero, but he apparently was not affected in the least by rough water. When the ferryboat *Garden City* came along, it was alternately head and heels up with Bibbero, but he once more got his bearings and continued on manfully for the shore," the *Sun* said.

After being in the water only 20 minutes, Bibbero was within 10 yards of the pier when Referee Charles Sherer became alarmed at the tangle of river craft and ordered the professor pulled aboard. At first this action generated a controversy over whether Bibbero had fulfilled his obligation, but La Brie graciously conceded the contest and paid his bet to Fox. Saloon owner McCoy, having picked up $1,800 in side bets, gave Bibbero $100 for his trouble.

For several years afterward, strong swimmers felt compelled to prove their ability by performing in the constricted manner first mastered by Bibbero. On July 27, 1885, Dennis F. Butler, a swimming teacher at the Battery Bath, duplicated the feat on the East River despite harassment by conscientious police officers and near-envelopment by water traffic. Three years later a Maltese sailor named Jack Williams, trussed hand and foot, managed to swim 25 miles down the Mississippi from Alton, Ill. to St. Louis. That seemed to put an end to swimming the hard way. After Williams' monumental effort, it hardly seemed like fun anymore. END

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It is stimulating, especially to those of us who have been around a while, to know that Mel is coming back on the air regularly. One doesn't necessarily have to be an old Yankee lover or hater to appreciate Mel's mastery. I'm glad that Leggett took pains to point out that Mel has never been bitter toward the club that so summarily dismissed him. And the studio incident cited by Leggett, when Mel wanted "to do it over" and did, is typical of the man and serves to illustrate his meticulous attention to detail, a mark of excellence.

I had the distinct privilege and honor to deliver the speech when Mel Allen was inducted into the National Sportscasters and Sportswriters Hall of Fame at Salisbury, N.C. a couple of years back. I've been around sports broadcasting for some 38 years. I have known no greater thrill.

ADD PENFIELD
General Manager
Asheboro Broadcasting Co., Inc.
Asheboro, N.C.

Sir,

Your article brought back many fond memories. Isn't it ironic that the last Yankee pennant was won just before Mel Allen was fired. Maybe the Yankees should rehire him as pennant insurance to go along with new acquisitions Bobby Bonds and Catfish Hunter.

PHILIP LANCEY
Miami

WITNESSES

Sir:

In SCORECARD ("Wrong of India," Feb. 24) you draw attention to the "political activity" in world sports and the danger of mixing politics with sports, calling on the International Olympic Committee to "insist now upon public and unequivocal guarantees for the participation and safety of athletes of all nations accredited for the 1980 Games."

Among the sports journalists (members of the International Sports Press Association) who visited the Soviet Union last year was an Israeli colleague, Moshe Lehrer, the first Israeli journalist to enter Russia since the Six-Day War. Lehrer raised precisely this point with Sergei Pavlov, chairman of the U.S.S.R. Sports Committee, and received an unqualified guarantee in the presence of 25 world sportswriters.

BOBBY NAIDOO
Secretary-General
International Sports
Press Association
London

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